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London's Smartest Women as Speculators, page 56. Blackmail, page 59.

Modern Life

& Modern Man

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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"TA! TA! DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME, DEAR!"

Modern Life

No. 3. Week ending May 24. One Penny.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

When the King and Queen "Dine Out."

King George and Queen Mary have been doing a good deal of dining-out lately, and the least loyal subject could not asseverate that Their Majesties are remiss in their regard for what they conceive to be their duties as Sovereigns of this realm. "Dining out" for the King and Queen is rather a tedious sort of business, and His Majesty must sometimes sigh for the old days when he was a "snotty" on the Bacchante, and his elder brother, the ill-fated Duke of Clarence, was heir to the Crown. For a subject the top-notch in respectability is to have the King and Queen to dinner. Some people may not be aware that the King and Queen never *accept* invitations to dinner. They merely invite themselves. That is why it is such a great honour. The King sends an intimation that he will dine with Lord and Lady So-and-So on such and such a night, and there you are. When the night arrives, hundreds of pounds have been spent on the dinner. Not on the comestibles, of course, but on the trappings, such as roses at a shilling apiece, and other things in proportion.

* * *

Untouchable Subjects of Conversation.

The dinner party may number forty, but never more—generally less! And they are nearly always the same people. A Peer who is honoured by the King in this way cannot even invite his own relations. The guests must be the personal friends of Their Majesties, and nobody wishes it to be otherwise. The host is in a mortal funk for fear the King and Queen will get bored, for Their Majesties must speak first to everyone, and only Royalty itself introduces topics of conversation, though when they have been once introduced conversation is frank and free, until the King or Queen changes the subject. It is a trying time for the host, for he never knows which of his guests will lead the King or Queen on to some untouchable topic, such as the Balkan impasse, the Suffragette plots re Buckingham Palace, or the Queen's opinion of Marie Lloyd.

* * *

Queen Mary Never Dines with the Asquithians.

No Asquithian peer has ever enjoyed the honour of having the King and Queen at his table. The Queen wouldn't go if Mr. Asquith's life hung upon it! Secretly, I am able to state that the Queen dislikes Mr. Asquith intensely. Mr. Lloyd George she merely sniffs at, as a little Welsh rabbit, who ought to be ducked in a pond. But Mr. Asquith! With all his white hairs the Prime Minister evokes no admiration in the heart of Queen Mary. Her Majesty is very fond of George Rex, and she has never forgiven Mr. Asquith for brow-beating her Royal husband into promising to create those five hundred peers in order to pass the Parliament Bill three years ago. Some day I will tell the secret history which lay behind that historic promise, and when I do my readers will have a sympathy with King George that they have never had before. But to return to Their Majesties at dinner with a subject. The Queen has never dined with a Jewess, but the other day Her Majesty dined with an American peeress, the Countess of Granard, though Her Majesty could scarcely avoid doing so, as the Lady's husband is one of the most important members of the Royal Household, Lord Granard being Master of the Horse.

* * *

Mr. Asquith Not Allowed at the Royal Table.

Lady Granard was a Miss Ogden Mills, and she was allowed to invite her mother, Mrs. Ogden Mills, to dine at table. Needless to say, the cost of the dinner was enormous, though money is no object to Lady Granard, for her father, the late Darius Ogden Mills, divided twelve million pounds with his sister, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the wife of the popular American Ambassador, under the will of their father. Lord Granard is an Irish Liberal Roman Catholic peer, and took up the Mastership of the Horse when Mr. Asquith's government came into power (this appointment being always a Government post, though the Master must be a noble of ancient lineage). But though Lady Granard was allowed to invite Winston Churchill and his wife, Mr. Harcourt and his wife, the Queen would not allow the Prime Minister to be included in the party, and Lord Morley was given his seat instead. Needless to say, the list of guests was submitted to Their Majesties before the event, and Their Majesties' likes and dislikes become painfully apparent by the erasures.

* * *

A Bachelor Host of Their Majesties.

Already this season the King and Queen have dined [illegible] with the Earl of Rosebery and Midlothian (did you know that was his correct title, by the way?)—and it need scarcely be said that the ex-Prime Minister is still the Favourite of the First Family. There is no swank or stiffness or fear about Lord Rosebery. Probably in his house Their Majesties are less conscious of themselves and etiquette than in any other house in Britain. The only unmarried bachelor who can hope to entertain the King and Queen is Lord Revelstoke, who is one of the King's neighbours in Carlton House Terrace, where only people who are comfortable at Buckingham Palace are allowed to live. Lord Revelstoke, of course, is very rich, and he is also Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, and a Member of the Council of the Prince of Wales, in which position he is able to bring all the accumulated acumen of the Baring family to bear upon the Prince's fortune. Lord Revelstoke is the head of Baring's Bank, and what he doesn't know about [illegible] isn't worth knowing.

* * *

The King and the Guinnesses.

When the King and Queen go out to dinner they are accompanied by their own footmen, in the Royal livery, to wait upon them at table, which is best for all concerned, as they are used to the etiquette necessary upon the occasion, and thus the host and hostess are relieved of any fear on that score. Their Majesties are the only people before whom finger-bowls are placed—a custom which is supposed to have arisen when people used to drink toasts to "the King over the water!" meaning, of course, Bonnie Prince Charlie and the other exiled Stuarts. Old dinner-favourites of the King and Queen are the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, who, of course, are never in fear of making a mistake, and where Their Majesties always feel at home. The only modern people with whom the King and Queen dine are the Iveaghs, but as Lord Iveagh claims descent (and with as much justification as many other peers) from a line of Viscounts of Ireland now long extinct, his Lordship's honours are only modern in the date of their creation. Lord Iveagh is the head of Guinness's, and is fabulously wealthy. He would like to be an earl, but there is no probability of it happening, for George Rex is doing nothing in earldoms. At the Coronation His Majesty willingly made an earl of Lord Curzon, the powerful ex-Indian Viceroy, and another of Lord Loreburn, the then Lord Chancellor of England, but it nearly choked His Majesty to grant the "balls and strawberry leaves" to Lord Brassey, who began life as plain Tom Brassey and was already a baron and Warden of the Cinque Ports.

* * *

Lordly Couple's "Leap in the Dark."

Even in the full daylight of the Press photographers things are sometimes not quite what they seem. The [illegible]

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. SEE PAGE 63.

graphs of the Hamilton-Hemphill wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, gave impressions of a joyous young couple, full of anticipations of blissful possibilities. The half-dozen bridesmaids, the two little trainbearers, and the two little pages looked the quintessence of sweetness, and Cupid surely (from the pictures) had never been more successful in arranging things. Lots of smart lords and ladies came in their best gowns and frock-coats, and the whole affair seemed in harmony with the organist's notes in "O, Perfect Love." Let us hope it *is* perfect.

It need be, for the bridegroom will not see sixty again, nor the bride thirty-five. Lord Hemphill, like his wonderful old father, is a dry-as-dust lawyer, who until the other day had never married. He must have some pluck to start now, and as his new coronet is assured for some time to come by his younger brother, FitzRoy Hemphill, who also has a son, Lord Hemphill's venture into the matrimonial net is what might be called a leap in the dark.

* * *

How Serjeant Hemphill Scored a Coronet in His Old Age.

Lord Hemphill is the son of that vigorous old Irish lawyer, the late Serjeant Hemphill, who, had he been alive now, would have been amongst the centenarians. His peerage in 1906, when he was ninety, was one of those inexplicable Asquithisms which the Prime Minister himself would find it hard to explain satisfactorily. A knighthood, or at any rate a baronetcy, would have been all the reward necessitated by Serjeant Hemphill's services to the State. However, we make no attempt to unravel the mystery here, except that we are aware that Serjeant Hemphill had money of his own, though he wasn't ashamed to draw a little pension from the State for over thirty years on account of his having once been a County Court judge in Ireland. To that pension, by the way, the bridegroom of April probably owes his peerage, though probably he has never realised it. It happened as follows:

The late Serjeant Hemphill found himself a minor judge in Ireland at the time, in 1877, when Mr. Gladstone decided to cut down expenses in the Irish Courts. The Grand Old Man did this by diminishing the number of County Court judges, for which purpose he passed a bill called the "County Officers and Courts (Ireland) Act," and he offered pensions to any of the County Court judges who would voluntarily retire. Serjeant Hemphill was amongst the first to avail themselves of this opportunity of an annual income for nothing. He at once returned to the Irish bar, although then between fifty and sixty years old, and it was his subsequent services there that brought him the Solicitor-Generalship in Mr. Gladstone's 1892 Government. The old Serjeant soon became well known at Westminster, and he made a lot of money, and ended up by being the oldest man to be coroneted within living memory. Had it not been for his smartness in taking Mr. Gladstone at his word, he would have remained an obscure Irish County Court Judge to the end and his son would not to-day be a peer of the realm.

* * *

Bad Blood Between the Belhavens.

The new Lord Hemphill's bride was one of the seven daughters of the late Lord Belhaven and Stenton. The present Lord Belhaven was not at the wedding, nor was his family represented. Between Lord Belhaven and the widow and daughters of the late Lord there is no love lost. Georgina Lady Belhaven, the mother of Lord Hemphill's bride, thought it very hard that neither of her daughters could succeed to the Belhaven barony after their father's death, it being open to heirs-general; and as they haven't been too easy to get off, it *was* rather hard luck, especially as Wishaw House, the Belhaven place in Lanarkshire, went with the title. But as Georgina Lady Belhaven never gave a brother to her seven girls, their remote relation, a Colonel of the Royal Engineers, could not be blamed for stepping forward with his pedigree before the Lords, and ending up by taking the title and estates.

Lord and Lady Belhaven have been somewhat "served out," however, for they have only one son, the Master of Belhaven, a young blood who ten years ago married the pretty Lady Grizel Cochrane, General Lord Dundonald's daughter, but no subsequent heirs to the title have appeared, and when the Master's little race is run, there is likely to be a big fight for the Belhaven barony all over again. The Belhaven estates are worth having, too, for their 22,000 acres produce some valuable minerals, and Wishaw is a charming demesne. Lord and Lady Belhaven and Stenton have now gone off for a two months' trip to Switzerland. Lord Hemphill and his bride are honeymooning amongst the Italian lakes. We hope the dear old souls are enjoying themselves.

HIS FIRST SCOTCH.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

"An Uncanny Machine."

A West End firm controlled by a gentleman of "furrin extraction," which apparently exists by catering to the superstition and credulity of the idle rich, sends us particulars of "an uncanny machine to test human magnetism," with the suggestion that it would be worth while to give it a free advertisement in preference to discoursing upon the Suffragettes and the Balkan Question. This sublime confidence in our youth and innocence touched a responsive chord in our bosom, and we hastened to read the particulars vouchsafed to us of this marvellous invention. The instrument, it is claimed, "measures nerve force and demonstrates the radio-action of the body"—whatever that may be. It apparently enables its happy possessor to discover whether he is right-handed or left-handed, whether or not he has got a pain in his "little Mary," and whether he has got the "hump" or is wildly excited. Whether it is worth anybody's while to buy one of the machines in order to elucidate such remarkable problems it is not for us to say, but we feel it our duty to inform our readers that these mysteries need be mysteries no longer if they have sufficient money in the bank to buy one of these "remarkable little machines."

* * *

Magnets for the Morbid.

We have not had the privilege of inspecting the machine, and with vivid recollections of the moving effect produced upon us by the magnetic force emanating from a Kafir rickshaw-puller on a hot day, we should hesitate to declare that the animal magnetism, the personal influence, the auric condition, or the radio-action of the human body (these being used as synonymous terms in the particulars sent us) is not sufficient to affect the equilibrium of a small cylinder supported by a needle resting on two sockets made of sapphires, "so as to eliminate deterioration." What we are not clear about is what good it will do anybody if a pseudo-scientific toy is or is not caused to spin round a few time more or less by approaching the hand to it. Will it enable silly women to resist the wiles of animal magnets of the Smyth-Pigott kidney, or callow youths to withstand the fascinations of an adventuress? Presumably the machine would behave like a whirling dervish in the presence of such desirable members of the community, but *cui bono*? With all respect to the gentleman at the West End we are afraid that his little toy—even if it does all that is claimed—will never succeed in rivalling the planchette, or competing with the expert crystal-gazer, even among those whose main object in life is to gain a new sensation. Sensible people will dismiss it as beneath contempt.

* * *

Mrs. Besant Again,

We wonder if Mrs. Besant was in possession of one of these epoch-making instruments when she selected the Hindu youth of simian appearance, who figured in a recent lawsuit at Madras, to bring him to England to be trained for the "spiritual leadership of the world" under the enlightened tuition of the notorious Mr. W. L. Leadbeater. The presence of mysterious gentlemen of colour who prey upon hysterical women is one of the evils of modern life in London that we could very well spare, and the Madras High Court judge was exceedingly wise in ordering Krishnamurthi and his brother to be restored to the guardianship of their father—a decree which we do not doubt will be enforced by the English Courts if necessary. Of course, it will be impossible to prevent Mrs. Besant and her followers from dabbling in the occult to their hearts' content, but they must keep within the bounds of the law and not kidnap Indian children to serve as the instruments of their cult of esoteric nonsense. The law should be strong enough to compel Krishnamurthi to pass his thirty-first reincarnation in the country of his latest birth, at any rate until he comes of age and is able to choose for himself.

* * *

Consuls and Commerce.

The steps recently taken by Sir Edward Grey to bring about a closer co-operation between British commercial

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE HANDFUL" "THE CHAP.-'ER-ON."

attachés and chambers of commerce with the purp benefiting British trade abroad have come by no mea soon, but they are in no way sufficient, although g probably result. It is proposed to draw up a standard fication of trades and industries for guidance in the pilation of consular reports, and also, by means of leading questions regarding the principal industr elicit information for the assistance of attachés and in their efforts to foster this country's trade. All th ever desirable, touches merely the fringe of the The trouble is that the consular service is run "on the and that the wrong people hold consular positions British consular service on the Continent is a laughing to the rest of Europe. The emoluments attaching office of Consul and Vice-Consul are so insignificant it is worth nobody's while to accept such a position he happens to be in need of the "kudos" appertai thereto, or has some special business reason for desiring be in touch with the resident British community of his ticular locality.

* * *

No Britisher Need Apply.

It is quite the exception for one of British to occupy such a posiiton—indeed "No British apply" seems to be the working rule in making appointments—and the idea that, say, a German mer or banker in a prosperous manufacturing town of his country will go out of his way to give British manufac hints or information which will enable them to co against, or forestall, his own countrymen, simply be he is appointed British Consul or Vice-Consul, is absurd. There is a great deal of sore feeling on this among people who travel on the Continent, and more ticularly among British people who reside there and themselves repeatedly left out in the cold when con appointments are being made, and we imagine Sir Ed Grey's well-meant efforts will excite nothing but de Of course the cold fact is that we never shall get sular service that is any good until we are prepared to for it. The United States might well be taken as a and the rule adopted that nobody shall hold a consular tion who is not a British citizen. Then we should be fatuous consular reports—often written by a man w elementary knowledge of the English language—which not worth the paper upon which they are written and pri

* * *

Killing No Murder.

The verdict of the coroner's jury in the motor-bus fa case in Hackney Road the other day is too absurd to allowed to pass without comment. How far may a m driver go without paying the penalty? Is there no lim the licence allowed to those modern Juggernauts! Here

SEE PAGE

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

have a 'bus conductor, against the regulations of his own employers and against the law (as he did not hold a driver's licence) trying his 'prentice hand on a death-dealing machine which he could not control, and by his wilful and culpable interference causing the death of one man and injuring two other persons. By all the canons of common-sense he was guilty of manslaughter—aggravated manslaughter—but the jury tamely brought in a verdict of accidental death. Of course, he did not intend to kill anybody. If he had, he would have been tried for murder, not manslaughter. But if this is not a clear case of manslaughter we should like to know what is. No doubt the culprit was grievously shocked at the result of his unlawful act, but that is no excuse whatever. He ought to receive a sharp lesson, for it is making a mock of justice and common-sense that he should be allowed to go unpunished.

* * *

Dragooning the Public.

The actions of the Home Office and the police with regard to the freedom of the Press and the rights of free speech require very careful attention. It may be admitted that the authorities have to deal with a very difficult situation, but having maintained a kid-glove attitude so long there is danger of them now going to the other extreme, and of the public acquiescing in too-stringent measures which at any other time would produce a great outcry. The hard-earned rights of public and Press must be conserved in spite of the hysterical lack of perspective which has now spread beyond the ranks of the Suffragettes themselves. We confess, however, we do not see that the guardians of the public peace can rightly be called upon in large numbers, and at great expense, to protect public speakers who spout sedition and who have made themselves obnoxious to the crowd. We do not wish to see lynch law established in this country, but after all the public has a right to express disapproval of doctrines preached by those who seek the public ear, and the advocates of violence cannot expect that the public shall be bludgeoned into giving them a respectful hearing.

* * *

Suppressing the Press.

There is, however, always a tendency (or at any rate a desire) of those in authority to interfere with the Press if it happens to preach inconvenient doctrines or to indulge in too pungent criticism. This tendency has been more carefully restrained, perhaps, in this country than in any other, and nowadays most of the coercion of the newspapers is done by underground methods which do not catch the public eye—and which are often frankly commercial. All this, as Kipling says, is another story, and does not concern us here. The point we wish to make is that, in the interests of the public at large, the printers of *The Suffragette* are to be admired and not contemned for their resolution in continuing to produce that journal. No Home Secretary has a legal or moral right to announce that any newspaper shall be prohibited in advance. There must be no prejudging of the contents of any journal. If seditious matter is published—as it is undoubtedly published by Orange journals as well as by the Suffragettes—that is quite time enough for the forces of the law to be set in motion. But not before then.

* * *

New Terror to M.P.'s.

In spite of the comfortable little salary of £400 a year attaching to a position which may or may not be a sinecure according to the holder's conscience or object in life, being a Member of Parliament is not all "beer and skittles"—or tea and strawberries on the Terrace. Corrupt Practices Acts have not yet succeeded in safeguarding a candidate or member from being a sort of Aunt Sally for the district he woos, and many a member heads the poll owing to his readiness—and ability—to subscribe to the host of clubs and funds and charities which are thrust before his notice. A few can afford to refuse the duty of serving as a milch-cow for the "free and independent" of their particular district, but this pernicious habit still has the effect of making it difficult for a poor man to enter Parliament. All this, however, is a commonplace of electioneering. The new terror which confronts M.P.'s and would-be M.P.'s—if we are to judge by the County Court action against Mr. Strauss, member for West Southwark—is far more deadly than the necessity of parting with filthy lucre. An elector has had the audacity to sue Mr. Strauss for non-fulfilment of his election pledges. Is the millennium really coming? An M.P. expected to fulfil his pledges! It is almost unthinkable. In these days of "tactics" we are accustomed to party leaders repudiating solemn pledges as a matter of course, and surely a mere common or garden M.P. cannot be expected to do any more or less!

"What for you, little man?"

"'Aperth o' rice and er penny weddin' ring!"

MONEY FOR THE ASKING. PARTICULARS ON PAGE 63.

BRAIN AND BRAWN.

Britain's Intellectuals on the Suffragette Problem.

The famous men of Britain had assembled to discuss the "Votes for Women!" question. George Bernard Shaw took the chair.

"It's not what women are so much as what they aren't!" he said. G. K. Chesterton wriggled in his chair, and Hall Caine, who was leaning against a desk, his left leg crossed over his right, holding in one hand a roll of parchment, scratched his head.

"I mean," went on Mr. Shaw, "that, if women weren't what they shouldn't be, they wouldn't be what they aren't!" The audience gasped at this piece of stupendous reasoning, and H. G. Wells produced a notebook on the outside cover of which was written in letters of gold, "Notes for my Next Book," and entered Shaw's remarks, heading the entry, "Reasons for Divorce." Mr. Bonar Law seemed considerably overcome and looked like Laocoon as he struggled with his neck-tie.

Then G. K. Chesterton rose from his chair. "Mr. Shaw," he said, slowly and impressively, "you're a liar!"

"Order, order!" called Messrs. George, Asquith, Redmond and Churchill, and their voices awoke Sir Herbert Tree, who was snoring unmelodiously.

"Mine's a ——" he began, but ducked as a volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" (hurled by Lloyd George at Winston Churchill) whizzed past his head. The book struck Mr. Asquith on the right eye, and he was carried from the room.

"Good shot!" said Winston.

"Tut-tut!" said Sir Herbert. "Behave yourselves. This isn't a first night."

Mr. Chesterton reseated himself and a piece of plaster fell from the roof; as the tumult died away, Hall Caine raised his right hand. "Gentlemen," he said, "I was born in the Isle of Man."

"Hard lines," said J. M. Barrie.

"Several friends have informed me," continued Mr. Caine, "that I bear a marked resemblance to Shakespeare, but I am not able ——"

"No, you're Ca—" said somebody, and while the rest punished the culprit, Mr. Caine resumed:

"But I am not able to vouch for the truth of this statement. My next novel ——"

At this juncture Marie Corelli poked her head round the door. "Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed mockingly.

"My God!" said Caine, "that woman again," and fainted.

"Let Winston speak!" shouted somebody. (It was Winston himself.)

Hitching up his trousers in the approved nautical fashion, "Our ships require sailors," he said, "and my idea is to man our Navy with these ——"

"Such frivolous observations," interrupted Lloyd George, "are unseemly. Under the Insurance Act ——"

"Order!" yelled Mr. Redmond, and blew his nose with an emerald-coloured handkerchief to the tune of "The Wearin' o' the Green."

Mr. Bonar Law cleared his throat, arranged his collar and coughed three times. "Gentlemen," he began, "I think ——"

A burst of hysterical laughter broke from Lloyd George's throat, and Mr. Law subsided; and the silence that ensued was only broken by Sir Herbert Tree pensively whistling "God bless you, merry gentlemen," until G. K. Chesterton sneezed. Two pieces of plaster fell, one on the floor and one in Sir Herbert's eye. While the company protested volubly, and Shaw suggested muzzling as a safeguard, Sir Herbert Tree poked the piece of plaster from his eye, and Rudyard Kipling, who was assiduously puffing an evil-smelling Burmese cheroot in the corner of the room, carefully wrote down the many swear-words that were totally strange to him which broke from the worthy knight's lips. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, wishing to wile the poet from so sordid an occupation, asked him his views on the Suffragette question.

"O, shut up!" snarled Kipling; "don't worry me! A woman's only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

Richard le Gallienne, who was standing near, sniffed, and was not to be outdone. "Friends," he said,

"We love them well . . we love them well . .
And sad it is to burn ——"

The Rev. F. B. Meyer assumed an expression of horrified astonishment until Richard le Gallienne struck him violently on the cheek. Then Britons showed the stuff they are made of. G. K. Chesterton sat on George Bernard Shaw's face. It was horrible. Books, inkpots, chairs and oaths were hurled lavishly about the room, and Rudyard Kipling carefully unlaced his boot and threw it with skilful accuracy at Mr. le Gallienne's nose. J. M. Barrie thrummed at the window and yelled for help; Hall Caine crawled around on his knees mumbling "My life's blood!" H. G. Wells, Lloyd George and Tree were mixed up like an omelette; Redmond and Winston Churchill ——

* * *

Then I mercifully fell out of bed.

E. DE B.

"Yus, ever since I've bin married I've led a regular dog's life."
"Perhaps you went to the wrong clerk and got a dog's licence instead of a marriage licence."

Lady Reformer: My good girl, do you believe in a minimum wage?

The Girl Worker: Why shouldn't I? Ain't I getting it?

* * *

COMPLIMENTARY OR OTHERWISE.

Mabel: He's a perfect bear!

Daisy: Do you refer to his arms or his temper?

* * *

"I could hold your hand for ever!" he exclaimed rapturously.

"If you did," she replied calmly, "you might learn how."

* * *

FACT AND FANCY.

"Great Scott, Maria, that's a daring dress!"

"It's a fancy costume."

"Well, if I were you, I would stick a little closer to it."

* * *

Howard: Why do you term your wife an angel?

Coward: Because she's always ready to fly, she's constantly harping, and she hasn't an earthly thing to wear.

* * *

AT THE ZOO.

"Does it cost much to feed the giraffes?"

"No; you see, a little goes a long way with them."

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. SEE PAGE 63.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

What part in the Empire Revue is taken by the lady who alighted with a bag from a four-wheeler outside a West Kensington flat last Sunday morning? And what was the meaning of the phrase "A soldier's farewell" with which she took leave of the cabman?

* * *

Are not the shareholders in a big variety syndicate feeling very insecure just now? And are not the artistes who hold very lengthy booking contracts with this syndicate attempting to insure these—with inconspicuous success?

* * *

Is Prince Erik of Denmark really cut out for work on a farm? Is he enjoying any great popularity on the farm in Oxfordshire? And is he inclined to call a spade a spade or to give it a less euphonious title?

* * *

Is there no expedient by which the managements of certain West End music-halls—but especially two—can prevent the attendance at their performances of a very objectionable type of male playgoer—in almost every case a foreigner? These men go there for a widely different reason than a mere desire to see the show. Gain of a particularly ignoble character is their object—and we may say at once that the feminine element among the audience is quite secure from their attentions.

* * *

They go to these places to obtain recruits to a form of vice which we do not wish to mention; and we think we have said enough to warn parents of young sons just starting in life against a very real and increasing danger.

* * *

What is the novel entertainment which is now being projected by Lady Lonsdale? And will his Lordship be there? And if so, will he perchance feel a yearning to be at the N.S.C. or Epsom instead?

* * *

Did the Duchess really write the play which has been accepted by an American impresario? And if so, will he present it just as it left its noble authoress?

* * *

And what were the financial arrangements made in connection with it?

* * *

Are not the residents in Abingdon Villas, Kensington, very concerned about the nature of one particular house in that road? Why is this? And what is the nature of the protest which is about to be made on the subject?

* * *

Is there not somebody who could—if taken into the witness-box—give very illuminating evidence regarding the recent Denman Street shooting case? Will that somebody go into the box; and if not, why not?

* * *

Why did the barrister enter a friend's house at Bedford Park, and abstract from it four blankets and a quilt, during the owner's absence? Is not the owner even now under the impression that the things were taken by a professional burglar? And what is the name of the actress who still enjoys the use of them?

* * *

What is the nature of the original drawings which the young Lord ——— is in the habit of showing to his intimate friends in secret? And is it a fact that he recently refused with indignation a large offer of money made to him by a Parisian firm which specialises in the publication of salacious pictorial post-cards?

* * *

Who spread the report that Harry Lauder intended to retire when he had saved the sum of £120,000? What will he do with the money? And will he expend any of it for the benefit of his one-time work-mates in the pit?

* * *

Who is the individual who ekes out a livelihood by securing manager's contracts at a big salary, receiving dismissal purposely, and then obtaining damages on a technical point of law? But did he not recently find that a certain big newspaper "combine" was one too many for him?

Does not the Jockey Club intend to make investigations into the past running of several horses this year? And are not more than a few owners and trainers feeling rather peevish in consequence?

* * *

Has "Monte Carlo" Wells—or has he not—contrived to secure any portion of his money for his own use when he has served his term of imprisonment? And will he not be enabled to make some good use of the large sum which the claimants against him have unanimously granted to Jeannette Burns?

* * *

How long will it be before Hugh Franklin, the wealthy Suffragist, who failed to surrender himself after a release due to hunger-striking, will be re-arrested? And is not the helplessness of the police in the matter another illustration of the futility of releasing hunger-striking convicts in this manner?

* * *

Has not Mrs. Francis-Francis, of Cleveland Row, S.W., largely herself to blame for losing £1,000 worth of jewellery from a train standing in Victoria Station? To leave valuables of the kind in the charge of a footman who leaves it in the carriage, and then goes off "to speak to an attendant about locking the door," is surely very much like asking for trouble.

* * *

A certain prominent Society "lady" who wrote Jack Johnson fervent love-letters when he was over here is not feeling very pleased with herself now. Other people think that the "ducking-stool" would be much too good for white women who encourage the advances of black men.

* * *

Why has the pretty parlour-maid in Sloane Gardens been discharged at a moment's notice, and who is paying the rent of her new abode in Bedford Court Mansions?

* * *

The exhibition of bad temper given by the Countess Krasicka, formerly Miss Helen Montgomery, of New York, will not increase the admiration on this side of the herring-pond for the title-hunting American heiress. She says her native country is "horrid"; probably that adjective also describes her country's opinion of the lady. Of course, when you have bought a title and become one of the ten thousand or so of Countesses knocking around the Continent, it isn't nice to be reminded that it all originated in lard, or oil, or something even more unspeakable, when you return home to show the old people a little "Yewrope" style.

BRITISH SPORTSMEN: No. 1.—RUNNING.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 70.

SOCIETY WOMEN AS SPECULATORS

SCANDALS OF THE "WEST END BRIGADE."

Now that the Stock Markets are anticipating an active campaign we may expect to see Society women once more indulge their incurable mania for gambling. Only those behind the City scenes realise to what extent London's smartest women are poisoned by this virus of speculation. How many women prominent in the most exclusive circles have only escaped permanent social ostracism by sacrificing their honour to astute, amorous financiers who have helped them in their gambling difficulties! We are living in an age of insensate luxury, and women determined to "keep their end up" *must* have money at any cost to satisfy expensive Paris dressmakers, jewellers, motor car dealers and other merchants who flourish on the follies of the rich —or the reputed rich. Restless as the surging sea, these neurotic, capricious butterflies of Fashion would go mad, they think, if they could not occasionally escape to Paris, Monte Carlo or Egypt in search of change, or some love adventure that pays.

The Soul Market.

How do they raise their money? Well, when a woman is young, beautiful, and fascinating she always has the resource of exploiting her sensuous, alluring personal charms. To-day there are thousands of married women with devoted husbands, children and troops of friends who, having incurred debts they dare not reveal to their husbands, sought some means of raising money quickly. A woman of this temperament gambles—and loses. Thus she plunges herself into a deeper quagmire of debt and difficulty. She goes about a great deal, is usually popular, and can scarcely escape exciting the admiration of one of those wealthy, elderly Don Juans who are always searching for a new sensation. The woman who must have money immediately cannot afford to be squeamish; having decided that her admirer is good for the amount she needs, the beauty plays her cards accordingly. Fascinated, he falls an easy prey; is quite eager to act as her banker. But not, of course, "without consideration." And how artfully he dangles a nice fat cheque before her eyes! At first she is horrified at the bare idea of selling herself, body and soul. And she thinks of husband, children and home. For she knows in her secret heart the exact price she has got to pay for that tiny scrap of pink paper. Harassed by creditors, trembling lest they should approach her irascible husband, she finally accepts a secret rendezvous at one of our smartest hotels with her amorous plutocrat. The inevitable happens —she touches the cheque!

A Woman in Hades.

Once having joined "the oldest profession in the world," she has a violent fit of despair. But this erstwhile pure wife and mother reconciles herself with remarkable facility to such a delightfully easy method of continuing her extravagant existence, which is as the breath of her nostrils to her. She does not hesitate to create for herself a succession of "friendships." Then she goes about more than ever to the smartest theatres, restaurants and other resorts of pleasure, sometimes with her husband, but more often with some wealthy admirer who is given out as "a friend of the family." Women whisper awful things; men smile indulgently; the husband has his doubts, but lies low—sometimes sharing her luxurious advantages. And this continues until her elderly admirers, discovering that she is becoming *passée*, look for younger victims. Then she soon finds herself on the road to Hades—the Hades of a woman who loathes her home; is a slave to luxury; a confirmed gambler, yet no longer able to attract men to satisfy her greedy, extravagant caprices. Frequently she is forced into the ranks of that vast army which evolutes around Piccadilly Circus.

Women Who Have Made Money.

Obviously all women do not adopt the same method when "out for money." Those familiar with secret financial history know women who have contrived to make big sums by financial schemes without involving themselves in any open scandal, whatever may have been their secret indulgences. Every promoter, from Baron Grant to Whitaker Wright, has felt the need of enlisting the sympathies and assistance of fascinating, tactful women capable of popularising their golden schemes among the West End brigade, who usually form the first contingent to assist in the engineering of any big "boom." And, of course, these women made money, especially when they have introduced promoter friends into the best Society, found them ential directors and generally aided them in the realis of their financial and social ambitions. The fascin Mrs. W. made £200,000 under Baron Grant's magic ins tion; Count Reginald Ward, when he organised his fa Copper "boom," enabled lucky Mrs. R. to make £ by a clever "deal" in Utahs; the Countess of X. cle about £250,000 by a delirious "flutter" in Lake Views Whitaker Wright was prancing about the City as a Nap of Finance; Lady G., secretly inspired by an "ins made £100,000 by a daring "plunge" in Tanganyikas. other similar cases might be mentioned.

"Fluttering" Actresses.

Actresses are inveterate gamblers, and they naturally e special facilities for coming into contact with influen wealthy men who admire them and are quite ready to p their admiration in practical fashon. Musical co artists are notoriously fond of a "flutter"—on the ra on the Stock Exchange. And they love to meet a mag of the "House"—be he in gold mining, rubber, tin Yankee rails, provided he can give red-hot "tips." G X., a brilliant exponent of romantic comedy, was cr with having made £100,000 by a shrewd "deal" in "M —the slang name for Chicago, Milwaukee and St. stock. Several beautiful actresses have only "gone management" because they had lured wealthy, am pillars of the Stock Exchange into acting as "angels" "hamfats"—providing the funds for their amb attempts to "bring all London to their feet." One of got her money from a funny little barge-owner from classic regions of the Isle of Dogs. Men of this cl eagerly "put up the rocks"—on the usual terms. " City swell loves to have it noised abroad that he is tecting the arts." It poses him among his friends "House" and at his club. Such vain fellows manageress" as others back the winner and often get fun for their money.

Bonnet Shop or Bucket Shop.

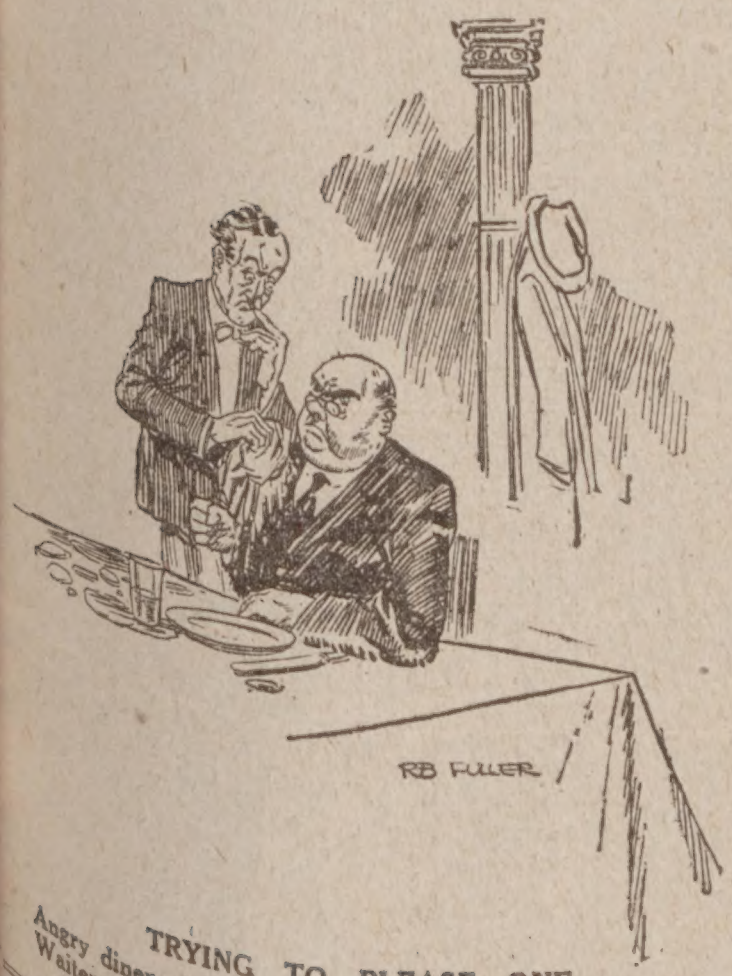
Then again, impecunious if aristocratic women money by acting as stockbrokers' touts. You meet brainy, fascinating *financières* everywhere—at the clubs, the restaurants, the theatres, at private dinner and even in certain smart shops. They charm you by exquisite taste in dress as much as by their sparkling Tactfully, your beautiful neighbour chatters about affairs, and soon begins to discourse quite fluently coming movement in, say, Kaffir King Consolidated she hears are being bought in "good quarters" likely to "go better." She knows all about the group responsible for this famous gold mine; etc. they have made; their market cleverness, are asking to be "let into" this "good thing." course, she tells you what to do. And she draws mission. Many a dressmaker or milliner works mission for some enterprising broker or promoter through Old Bond Street, glance casually at No. which there is an alluring display of feminine gewgaws conclude that this is a mart of fashion. Not quite bright little woman who poses as Madame Fiorettina of course, sell hats and other feminine trifles in a way. But she makes most of her money by facilitating "flutters" for her fair clients, who are mostly inve gamblers. When they are "put into the cart"—and often are—their losses are marked down as hats, etc. long-suffering husbands foot the bills and the bro little boobies indulge in another "flutter."

A Beautiful Sharepusher.

Then you have a special class of women—handsome suasive, persistent, who, in good times, earn plen money by "planting" shares for promoters, at any from £10 to £2 per £100 of shares, according to the of the latter's rottenness. Not long ago Lady X. was suing a promoter for her commission on the sale of a block of such shares. Many an "actress" has astoni her friends by the gorgeous luxury of her surroundi despite her salary of 30s. per week. Only the initiated how the oracle was worked. What was her secret?

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE

she was in league with a brainy promoter who manufactured shares by the hundred thousand, which she tactfully planted on the young and wealthy "nuts" fluttering around her. There is at least one South African mining speculator whose beautiful, fascinating and unscrupulous wife regularly "plants" shares among those whose admiration for her stunning charms make them an easy prey. She is still doing it, and husband and wife lead the life luxurious on the proceeds of her financial acumen. No sooner is the cheque cashed than this beauty suddenly assumes an exasperatingly freezing attitude towards the man whom she had formerly lured into believing that she was madly in love with him. With the fatuity of the middle-aged, wealthy Adonis he thinks that his money will buy everything from this fascinating sharepusher. When he discovers how cleverly he has been "rooked" he dare not say much, from motives of personal vanity. And she looks around for a fresh victim.



TRYING TO PLEASE ONE.

Angry diner: "Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig!"
Waiter: "I am doing my best, sir."—*Judge.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

Self-made Magnate (showing his art treasures): What do you think of that? My bust—in marble.

Long-suffering Acquaintance: Not bad, but the marble is polished.

* * *

She: I think a woman must be cracked who goes to bargain sales.

He: Yes; but it's worse for her husband—he gets broke.

* * *

OUGHT TO GET IT.

"On what ground do you seek a divorce, madam?"

"Incompatibility. I want a divorce and my husband doesn't."

* * *

The Knut: Hurry up! Get on with the shaving. What are you waiting for?

Barber: Waiting for it to grow.

* * *

WISDOM.

He: If you had two wishes, what would you wish for?

She: Well, I'd wish to get married.

He: That's one.

She: And I'd save the other till I saw how he turned out.

* * *

"It is disgusting. The meat is burned to a cinder. I am sure Betty does it on purpose."

"Well, my dear, it's your own fault. You would have a cook who is a suffragette."

* * *

"If anybody calls, Mary, you will say that I am not at home."

"Yes, ma'am. And if nobody calls what must I say?"

MONEY FOR THE ASKING.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

THANKFUL FOR ONE THING.

"Whew!" sniffed the dray horse, as a smoking motor car rushed by. "I have some faults, I know; but, thank goodness, I never learned to smoke!"—*Judge.*

* * *

Sillicus: What is the age of discretion?

Cynicus: There isn't any. I know a man over seventy who married his fourth wife the other day.—*Philadelphia Record.*

* * *

JUST TO START THEM.

He: What are you going to give to Kitty and Jack for a wedding present?

She: Oh, I guess I'll send Kitty the bunch of letters Jack wrote to me when we were engaged.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

EVERYTHING ARRANGED.

Damsel: You must ask mamma.

Suitor: But your mother is away from home.

Damsel: Yes, but she's left an affirmative answer in the gramophone.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

* * *

HAD BEEN TRYING THEM.

"Perhaps you drink too much coffee," suggested the doctor. "I should advise you to try a substitute."

"Sir, your advice is superfluous," replied the patient. "I have lived in boarding houses for twenty-five years."—*Philadelphia Record.*

* * *

HE GOT HIS.

"Dear Clara," wrote the young man, "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful! I proposed to you last night, but really forgot whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you! I knew that I said no to someone last night, but I had forgotten who it was."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

OVER THE ODDS.

(A Bill has been introduced into the Ohio State Legislature to prescribe the fashions to be worn by women. It is proposed to limit the lowness of *décolleté* dresses and prevent the skin showing through lace, etc.—*Cable.*

"Madam, you ain't dressed accordin' to Law. You have seven bits of skin showin'."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 63.

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

OR WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

What the natives of Delhi will think of King Edward when they see him in stone in the Garter regalia, and (to them) bare legs?

* * *

Why some well-known Anglo-Indian was not consulted before this egregious *faux pas* was made?

* * *

Whether Princess Mary recognised herself in the *Daily Mirror* photograph taken during the presentation of colours to the Cadet Battalion of the Royal Military College, and why such obvious failures in the camera line persist in finding their way into print.

* * *

What exactly was meant by the witness who described his wife as a "nagging shower-bath," and whether, in view of the predicted hot weather, he should not be promptly secured by some enterprising contemporary wishing to safeguard against a possible drought in epigrammatic humour.

* * *

Where one would be safe in fixing the "Plimsoll" line in case of certain *bons viveurs* of gastronomic fame.

* * *

Whether the ingenious youth who amused himself by reflecting the sun's rays from a piece of looking-glass on to the face of the speaker during the Sunday "Baiting" affair in Hyde Park was merely trying to throw light on the subject, and why it is that people who are really antagonistic to the Suffrage movement cannot be brought to realise that even a crowd of hooligans is preferable to no audience at all, since there is no surer way of disarming a woman's pride than by refusing to take her seriously.

* * *

Whether there is not more "bombast" than "bomb" about the recent so-called "outrages."

* * *

Whether certain Oxford undergraduates concerned in the St. Giles' Socialistic "rag" are not nursing their bruises with pride, and chuckling over the success of one of the most famous rows of recent years.

* * *

Whether panel doctors still consider "patients a virtue."

* * *

Whether the sudden descent of an aeroplane upon the lawns of charming country residences will not develop into quite the most distinguished method of introduction, and whether the rainstorm through which Lady Rosemary Gower was unexpectedly whirled during her flight with Mr. Grahame White did not have the effect of damping her ladyship's ardour for aerial adventure.

* * *

Whether it is not a fact that Lord and Lady Leconfield now occupy different sides of the House?

* * *

And whether her youthful ladyship has found all the satisfaction she expected when she married an almost millionaire peer.

* * *

And who was the gentleman who tried to show Lord Leconfield the way to handle the ribbons of his Lordship's famous Brighton coach?

* * *

Whether it was on account of the rumour that the trial of the German woman, Eva Blume, would be the means of revealing a scandalous "picture" of social life in Posen, that the case was tried "in camera."

* * *

Whether the aggressive person who has his knife into the Royal Academy Committee would not be justified in transferring it to some of the canvasses.

* * *

When the belated memorial to Jack Philips, the wireless operator of Titanic fame, is to become a fact, and where the interest on the subscribed £700 is finding its way in the meantime.

Whether the two recently appointed "police-women" Philadelphia have consented to carry on their duties "plain clothes."

* * *

Whether ankle watches will be revived this season whether the ladies will be contented with clocks on stockings.

* * *

Whether M. Bridefonc des Moulinais in flying Bremen to London did not enjoy as "high" a time as of us could boast during our little holiday spree.

* * *

Whether the autobiography now being written by Kaiser will really tell us anything we don't already that's worth knowing about his Royal Highness's affairs; whether the true story of his quarrel with Bis will at length be revealed; and whether Eveleigh "Nash" his teeth if not allowed to have at least one in the pie.

* * *

How some of our enterprising *joueurs* this side of Channel will succeed in getting through the week-end gambling in France is really put a stop to.

* * *

Whether Mrs. Moss-Cockle, who is to become Marchio of Hertford, knows why Miss Alice Thaw divorced his ship?

* * *

And whether it is nevertheless not the fact that Mrs. M Cockle (who has £600,000 of her own) has settled a handsome sum upon his Lordship, and also upon his heir-presumptive?

Mrs. B.: "Did you read that article on women's work for feeble-minded?"
Mr. B.: "I'd like to know what women have ever done for feeble-minded?"
Mrs. B.: "They usually marry them."

And whether Mrs. Moss-Cockle is not old enough to Lord Hertford's mother?

* * *

And where the "honeymoon" will be spent?

* * *

Who is the Royal lady of whom a wit said: "She the sort of woman who would wear a flannel petticoat.

* * *

If it is true that Miss Phyllis Dare is to be summ for keeping a ferocious dog at Herne Bay.

* * *

Whether it has already bitten two gentlemen visitors

* * *

And whether they would not far rather have been by the lady.

* * *

The name of the henpecked husband who, returning rather late, heard his wife calling from above "Is tha Henry?" And, turning at last, replied: "Yes, it's me you expecting anybody else?"

* * *

Why the "Hydro," Cliftonville, Margate, is known "The Bulrushes"?

* * *

Is it because Moses is always to be found there the season?

PAGE 70

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION.

OUR SHORT STORY:

BLACKMAIL.

It is not often that the instinct for flight coincides with the desire to pursue.

It does, however, in Dudley Dillon's case.

He must go back for a few minutes and see him, having, ... set out without his umbrella—though indeed it was a beauty, fine day, deceptive as a woman's smile—taking shelter in a Kensington shop doorway to escape from a shower of rain.

And by-and-bye a daintily attired girl, who was in no wise in a hurry, began to cross the road at an angle which, persisted in, would land her in front of Dillon. She was exactly his own type of beauty which Dillon, the susceptible, ... as most captivating of all. (He had similar convictions on a number of other occasions.) Her skin was solid, her hair dark. She had sphinx-like lips, with an extra dash of scarlet, which rendered them peculiarly vivid. She was serenely self-assured.

Her eyes on Dillon. She came across the road ... fixed on his so pointedly that an averagely ... man would have twirled his moustache and conveyed a dozen eloquent glances that he was willing and ... to make her acquaintance.

Dillon. He was not average. He returned the ... with casual indifference before allowing his ... to wander down the street.

After a while he looked in her direction again, she ... her shelter in an adjacent doorway, and was closing ...

They stood for a few minutes; and Dillon, summing up, put her forwardness down to youth.

... the reckless have their moments of discretion. A perversity made Dillon persist in disregarding her. ... might have translated such perversity into the fact that he, Dillon, had only ninepence in his ... There were dangers attaching to a summary introduction. Kensington Gardens were not far away, and it ... an obvious retreat for the beginnings of intimate ... And in Kensington Gardens one naturally took ... A sum of ninepence was not a very adequate one with which to satisfy a hungry girl, fast one never so unselfishly! ... Experience in the past was tending to make Dillon ... But his attraction was verging on the cruel.

... natural, as a consequence, that the girl should ... ruthlessness. The cloud was lightening, the ... ceasing. She left her shelter and, lowering her ... looked up at the heavens. She slowly sauntered ... again. Her eyes this time were far away and ...

... felt his heart sink within him. It was a glorious ... day—and his heart was young. He resigned him... losing her.

... corner of the street was but a little distance away ... but just as she reached it she reduced her pace till ... practically at a standstill, and with a winsomely ... head she looked at Dillon out of the corner of her ... It was a compound glance; bright with laughter and ... a wholly deserved reproach. It was impossible ... her it and still feel quite the same.

... without relinquishing determination, or forgetting for a ... moment the limitations of ninepence, it was still within the ... bounds of reasonableness to follow in her wake. For the ... pain had ceased, and she had taken the road which led to ... Kensington Gardens, whither Dillon, in all sincerity, had ... bound himself.

She gave another backward glance as she turned into ... Prince's Gate. The impression crossed Dillon's mind that ... she intended to enter the Museum, an ideal spot for the ... interviews. But no! She hurried on with a slightly ... pace, as if the success of her boldness were causing disquietude. It was a delightfully human ...

They were passing the mansions on their right. And ... a hundred yards ahead (descried by Dillon with a ... sinking) the unmistakable figure of Harkness, strolling ... with his irritatingly nonchalant air.

... from Savile Row, to whom Dillon owed fifty ...

... here, as we have said, that the instinct for flight ... with the desire to pursue.

... Peace hath her heroes, and Dillon did not turn back. ... there are rules inviolable in every game. But it required ... greater degree of courage than he took any pleasure in displaying. For Harkness was a man whose irony played round the subject of one's debt like lightning round a point of steel, never actually touching it, but setting up the uneasy belief that connection might come at any time. Dillon would rather have met half a dozen of the other tailors he owed money to than Harkness. But there seemed to be no escape!

All in a moment, however, two things happened. The girl turned quickly, ran up the steps to a house, and, flashing a last glance at Dillon, admitted herself with a latchkey. And a man crossed the road and intercepted Harkness.

For the second time within a minute the cadence of Dillon's strides lost rhythm. Only for a fractional moment, though. He made up his mind, and, mounting the same steps, he pressed the bell. The issue he left to his gods.

The door opened. The prettiest of pretty housemaids stood regarding him from the mat. Dillon called up his resources, and asked with engaging pleasantry:

"Is—eh—Miss Clitheroe at home?"

"Miss . . ?"

"Clitheroe," said Dillon.

"You mean Protheroe, I expect, sir, don't you?"

"No!" said Dillon. "I mean—yes—no: I'm quite sure I mean no! Clitheroe was the name."

A pause ensued. It was obviously an impasse.

Dillon tried to forget that Harkness was but a stone's throw away, and that Harkness was the kind of man who would willingly desert a friend to come and worry a foe.

"Perhaps it *was* Protheroe," he said.

A cool, fresh, feminine voice from inside the house said:

"Is that someone for me, Parker?"

"I don't know, miss. The gentleman doesn't seem quite sure."

"Let *me* see. . . . Oh!" she exclaimed, and was suffused with consternation.

"It's me," said Dillon.

"So I see." The maid went away.

"How do you do?" said Dillon.

"I'm quite well, thank you. . . You know—I don't want to be rude to you, but you *have* got a cheek, you know."

"I'm in a bit of a quandary," said Dillon. "I—er—I'm in a bit of a quandary."

"So I should think. . . You know—I don't know you at all. You ought not to come to this house. It's not right of you. It's very wrong of you."

"No one is more sensible of that fact than myself. But as I was saying, I—er—I'm in rather a hole."

"Well, get out of it; why don't you?" She was standing well back from the door, and just for a tiny instant the flicker of a smile passed over her lips. She bent forward carefully and peeped along the road. "Has he gone?" she asked.

"Who?" asked Dillon, welcoming the irrelevance.

"Oh, you wouldn't know. A friend of mother's. I was afraid he was coming to tea. I popped in quickly, hoping he wouldn't see me."

"You don't mean . . ." said Dillon

"If he'd seen *you* . . ." The pause was eloquent. "He's a friend of mine, too," she added, self-consciously.

"Indeed?" said Dillon.

She peeped again, in the opposite direction.

"Bother!" she said. "If somebody hasn't stopped him! Now he's *sure* to see you!"

"Do you mean that very good-looking man, with the forget-me-not blue eyes, and cool, nasty lips?"

"His lips are perfectly sweet. Yes, I mean him. Mr. Harkness."

"Oh Lord!" said Dillon, with a comically contorted brow.

"Do you know him too?"

"Not very well," said Dillon; "but I owe him fifty pounds."

"Oh, I see," she said, with a nod of understanding. "Debts *are* a nuisance, aren't they? I've got plenty of them myself." They were getting better friends by now. "What shall I *do*?" she inquired, appealingly.

"Do?" asked Dillon.

"Your being here. Of course I'm not supposed to know you. I mean, I *don't* know you. And Reggie—that's Mr. Harkness—is most dreadfully jealous. And mother's out."

"In fact," said Dillon, "you've been a very naughty girl, and now you're getting frightened of the consequences?"

"I'm afraid that's it," she admitted, with a pout of penitence.

"Well, I can easily relieve you of that difficulty. I'll take myself off."

"But that won't do at all. I mean, that won't *really* help. Reggie will have seen you—and he'll ask who you are, or why I have not mentioned you before—and he'll know

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mother's out if he comes in, and—really, it does begin to look awkward, doesn't it?"

"It does," said Dillon.

"You see, you must have a *raison d'être*—and what am I to say?"

"Wait a moment," said Dillon. "Let me think. You could tell him," he suggested, "that I'm a pertinacious pusher of undesirable encyclopædias."

"But that wouldn't be *true*," she said.

"No," said Dillon—"No—I hadn't thought of that! Of course, *that* wouldn't do!"

"Besides," she proceeded, "he'd know I was fibbing. You don't look like a bookseller."

"I am, though," smiled Dillon. "At least I write 'em. I don't say I sell 'em."

"How interesting!" she said. "Are you *really* an unsuccessful author? You *must* write well!"

"Thank you," said Dillon with emotion. He turned his head and continued with exemplary calm: "We shall have to make up our minds quickly, for Harkness has left his friend, and he'll be here in a tick!"

"Oh, dash!" she said, then recovered and bubbled with laughter. "What a lark!" she said.

"That's better," said Dillon with an approving glance. "Leave him to me," he said. "I'll put him right. . . . Hullo?" he exclaimed, as Harkness, after pausing a moment and looking up, leisurely began ascending the steps.

"Hullo you," responded that person, uncomplimentarily. "No, I'm not coming in, Vic. I was only just going to ask you if you're coming down to Hurlingham to-morrow. I could call and run you down in the car."

"Yes—mother might come as well. Or I could hunt up somebody else perhaps. All right, Reggie."

"One or two other people are coming. It looks like being fine, I think."

"It will be perfectly *lovely*. . . . You know each other, don't you?"

"A bit," said Harkness. "You do, too, I see!"

"The Dillons know everybody," said Dillon tactfully.

"Yes, I was just telling Mr. Dillon," said the girl, "that he can't come in to tea, because mother's out, and I've simply got a host to do. I haven't answered a letter for weeks and weeks and weeks. You won't mind, either of you?"

"Not at all," they murmured in unison.

"Coming, Dillon?" said Harkness sourly. They went down the steps together.

For a time neither spoke.

Then—"How did *you* get to know her?" asked Harkness with sudden and unnecessary unpleasantness.

Dillon paused to light a cigarette, and blew out the match with half-shut eyes. He walked on, smiling gently to himself.

"Dillon," said Harkness cordially, "do you know, I've tumbled to the fact lately that you're positively a source of income to me! Quite a dozen chaps I've had in lately, saying, 'Who dresses Dillon? I wish to goodness you could turn *me* out the same as you turn him!' . . . . I wish you'd come along and let my man show you one or two things. Shall we go along now?"

"By all means," said Dillon. "I shall be delighted."

Harkness hailed a taxi.

"And, by the way," continued that gentleman, turning to Dillon presently with a gleam in his eye, "You needn't go to Prince's Gate too often, you know. . . . I know what you are!"

"I fully understand you," said Dillon blandly. "Of *course* not, my dear old chap!"

It was not a bad bargain after all!

The very last thing you can imagine of some people you know is that they may become angels.

* * *

TEETHING TIMES.

"You look sleepy, Jones. You must have been up with the sun this morning."

"Yes; I was up with him all night."

* * *

FELINE AMENITIES.

"Your hair is getting very thin, Molly. How much would you give for a head of hair like mine?"

"I don't know. How much did *you* give?"

* * *

Maud: Every woman wants to enlarge her sphere.

Beatrix: True; but not her circumference.

TABLOID TOPICS.

The *Daily Mirror* baby elephants are [illegible] course, they have taken their trunks with [illegible]

* * *

A Stratford magistrate's description of the toper as "barrel-fever" might be designated a joke.

* * *

An abandoned baby was found in a [illegible] omnibus the other day. Nearest approach to [illegible] presumably.

* * *

The Southampton fitters who are on strike [illegible] out sympathisers, if we are to judge by some of the [illegible] in the Academy.

* * *

"Blind Earl In An Omnibus," runs a [illegible] line. This was not, however, another illus[illegible] phrase "Drunk as a Lord."

* * *

The Cambridgeshire County Council have [illegible] sanction the erection of glasshouses at a girls' [illegible] We should think so, indeed.

* * *

"King's Gift of Welsh Harp to [illegible] Museum," was a head-line. What have the [illegible] Hendon got to say about it?

* * *

Royal Commissioners propose a faculty of [illegible] the London University. D.T.'s as the result of [illegible] course are not altogether a novelty.

* * *

The Covent Garden report that "English [illegible] making from two to three shillings per pound" [illegible] Buckingham Palace quite unmoved.

* * *

A medical authority says that the biggest [illegible] need the biggest meals. After all, there is [illegible] scientific reason for the hunger-strike.

* * *

"The Life of Richard Wagner" is the title of a [illegible] film on view at the West End. There were [illegible] many episodes which ought to be screened.

* * *

Owing to absence in Germany, Mr. George [illegible] missed the first performance of his new [illegible] "Marriage Market." Is the subject rather a [illegible]

* * *

The *Daily Mirror* publishes a touching [illegible] who "wants a new leg in order that she can [illegible] dressmaker." So that she can have pins and [illegible] presumably.

* * *

The rumoured efforts of the big whisky dis[illegible] a combine have been induced by the growing [illegible] the waterplane. There will, however, be [illegible] water in the scheme.

* * *

According to a recent lawsuit the *O'May* [illegible] stipulated that an oboe-player must have all [illegible] his face shaven if required. H'aut boy, h'aut [illegible] a Cockney pedant would say.

* * *

The rifle-shooting season has started, but [illegible] marksmanship of society folk will be poor. [illegible] Harcourt," says the *Daily Mirror*, "will be [illegible] at social functions this season."

* * *

The four pieces of House of Commons [illegible] possession of an alleged M.P., who was run in [illegible] the town too red, are (it is understood) to be [illegible] London Museum at Stafford House.

* * *

A fitting finish to the wrangle between [illegible] Arthur Jones and J. Morgan Gibbon, as to [illegible] towards Dissenters disclosed by the former's [illegible] be a May Meeting at the National Sporting Club.

* * *

Misguided parents at Bedingfield, Suffolk, who [illegible] for the first child born under the Insurance Act [illegible] name the poor urchin Red Letter, in honour of [illegible] There will be blue murder when the child is old [illegible] understand what has been done to it.

"Anyshing worth SEEING—hic—here?"

The centre of gravity—the critics at a comedy.

* * *

It is difficult to run down a lie in either direction.

* * *

Most of us forget rather than forgive, because it is easier.

* * *

Lies are a necessary part of the discreet man's education.

* * *

A man may not think he is perfect, but he always believes there are lots worse than he.

* * *

No matter how you economize time, you can't avoid spending all you have in one way or another.

* * *

If it be true, as has been claimed, that oratory is dead, there can be no doubt that it was talked to death.

* * *

Men were as cheap as almost any woman can make them, no woman could resist him merely as a bargain.

It's the wrong dame that's always turning.

* * *

It is an ill wind that blows nobody the goods

* * *

Girls may be foolish, but most of them are too wise for us.

* * *

The coming woman was probably delayed by her hobble-skirt.

* * *

When a young man is inclined to be fast, there is generally a woman to set the pace.

* * *

Instinct is not always infallible. The early robin sometimes wishes it had waited a while.

* * *

Many men can never see a full moon without wanting to find some nice girl to share it with them.

* * *

For a thing that springs mostly from badly digested misinformation, public sentiment is amazingly often right.

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE 63.

IN STAGELAND.

EVELYN THAW IS SHORTLY APPEARING AT A LONDON HALL AT A SALARY OF £600 PER WEEK.

"I am the divorced wife of Lord Fopton."

"Pray be seated, madam, and I will write you out a year's contract at £500 per week."

It is a pity that the otherwise rather praiseworthy vaudeville performance of two gentlemen known as Stacey and Wilians should be spoilt by a seasoning of coarse innuendo of the nearly extinct bad old music-hall type. The section of their "business" to which I allude will be easily recognised, and is closely akin to certain phrases of a low comedienne's song which one of His Majesty's judges characterized as "vulgar and suggestive" during the recent Reed v. Gulliver action. We agree with him.

* * *

Speaking of the "bad old type," I wonder if it will ever be recognised how much we owe to our priceless Albert Chevalier—the first prominent artist to teach managers the monetary value of clean variety. It is but a few weeks since he was recounting to me the tale of his first failure at

"My name is notorious in every capital in Europe. I am the famous Madame X—, blackmailer and swindler."

"Excellent, I can offer you a three years' engagement at £1000 per week."

the Pavilion of past decades—and now Bernhardt, Tree, Pavlova, Alexander! He is very proud of that failure, and so should we all be.

* * *

Norman Trevor, whose season of management with a Hungarian comedy-farce tactfully translated as "The Seven Sisters" commenced at the Savoy last Wednesday, has, like Basil Foster, achieved enough physical success to turn ten men's heads. These and his Art notwithstanding, he remains one of the most charming and unaffected among our actors that count.

"Eightpence a Mile" is about the amount you'll pay in taxi fares (if you cannot find one of those useful [illegible] with two entrances quickly enough) to get to the [illegible]. So far as I can discern this is about the only connection between the new revue and its title. I suppose you've already noticed that the hall-mark of a successful revue is that it be irresponsibly labelled with someone's chance observation. A happy variant of this method could be achieved by impregnating a totally abstaining Sunday School teacher with two ports and standing by for results.

* * *

Those of a pornographic turn of mind who think of going to the Pavilion, mainly attracted by the unpleasant billing of Mlle. Janette Denarber's performance as a "renowned disrobing act" and "banned turn," may spare themselves

"I have been divorced six times, attempted to strangle the chauffeur's wife, and was suspected of having poisoned my late husband and three children."

"Stop! Magnificent—£5 00 a week for life and I will boom you in every paper in the kingdom."

the trouble, as, apart from the general weakness of the rigid limitations of propriety will *have* to be observed in consequence of the turning down of her recent action for breach of contract following Mr. Aldin's suspension of her act at the Empire.

* * *

A wonderfully agile business mind has been removed, in the person of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, whose death has, I fear, left the control of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera to necessarily less capable hands, unless Mr. George Edwardes acquires a controlling interest. We are informed by experts, who are in a position to know, that such will be the case, in which event, of course, their future is absolutely assured.

"Would you kindly hear me sing some of my songs with a view to an engagement at your——"

"WHAT!!!"

PAGE 70.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION.

Mr. Durrant Swan, a new but compelling force in matters theatrical, will open the new Ambassador's Theatre in West Street with a play by Monckton Hoffe entitled "Panthea." Mr. Swan is a young barrister whose native brilliance has found a more welcome environment in the Theatre than in the Law Courts. His success with the hitherto difficult Shakespeare Theatre at Clapham Junction has apparently induced him to try his luck with a larger public.

* * *

"Lady Noggs," late of the Comedy Theatre, will go on tour late in September.

* * *

Miss Marie Tempest starts on tour with "The Handful" this week. I am afraid this pretty comedy may prove a trifle too essentially subtle (if one may be permitted the phrase) for provincial playgoers, who exhibit a marked preference for "straighter" comedy as a general rule.

* * *

A nice comfortable stall may be secured at His Majesty's for "Ariadne in Naxos" and "The Perfect Gentleman" for a matinée or so. This is indeed grateful and comforting to us who have been at our wits' end to know what to do with our accumulated surplus income. For the cautiously inclined, however, there are balcony seats at 21s.

* * *

Every week-day afternoon, other than the Wednesdays and Saturdays occupied by Pavlova's magnificent matinées, Mr. Cherry Kearton's "Living Zoo," a series of astounding scientific animal studies, will be presented at the Palace Theatre. If distinguished and enthusiastic audiences are any indication, this series will seriously challenge the popular supremacy of Mr. Rainey's "African Hunt" at the Holborn Empire.

* * *

Heartiest of congratulations to Miss Irene Vanbrugh for cutting herself adrift from the Actresses' Franchise League. It is every honest man and woman's plain duty to withhold any but the minimum of respect demanded by decency from all who are even remotely connected with the criminal code of the Pankhurst women.

* * *

The Gaumont Company are noted for their realistic animal films. Their latest, "The Lion Hunters," will be released on May 26th, in which real forest-bred lions are actually shot in order to extricate the heroine from a fearful predicament.

W.R.C.R.

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Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 3 (NEW SERIES):

THE PATHETIC STORY OF THE MORGANATIC WIFE OF KING GEORGE IV.

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

Of all the women who fell victims to the licentiousness of the sons of King George III., none so entirely deserves the compassion of posterity as the famous beauty, Mrs. Fitzherbert. No saucy minx of the town was she, but a lady of unsullied fame, of high and noble birth, whose life seemed at its outset to be one of "roses, roses all the way," yet whom an unkind Fate destined to sufferings of the most poignant kind. Her father was the son of Sir John Smythe, a baronet whose honours had been bestowed upon his ancestors for their loyalty to King Charles II. Sir John lived in Durham, but a fortunate marriage had made him the owner of a splendid old castle in Shropshire, and within its walls Mrs. Fitzherbert first saw daylight. Her family were connected by ties of blood with some of the greatest houses in the aristocracy of Britain—the Arundells of Wardour, the Stourtons, Staffords, Cliffords, Welds, Blounts, Fitzherberts, Erringtons, and Herberts of Pembroke. At that time the Duke of Kingston was the lessee of Tong Castle, but he had lent it to our heroine's father, and for the first eighteen years of her life she passed quietly from infancy to womanhood, unnoticed beyond the leafy vales and orchards of her native shire.

Mrs. Fitzherbert's First Marriage.

But such delicate beauty as came to Miss Smythe was not long in evoking responsive chords in the hearts of the local squires. Not far from Tong resided Mr. Weld, the owner of old Lulworth Castle, the home of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in Britain. Lulworth, of course, is in Dorsetshire, and there for nine hundred years Welds have flourished, and they are allied to the greatest houses in the peerage. The squire then was a wealthy man, and greatly honoured by his neighbours. But he was a bachelor, and when he first saw Miss Smythe he fell in love on the spot, and was soon arranging his marriage to Miss Smythe with her father. What the lady thought of her prospective husband, history has failed to record. It is sufficient that Mr. Weld was successful in his pursuit, and although he was twenty-six years older than Miss Smythe they got wed, and settled down to a simple country life, such as the lady had been used to all her short career. But tragedy was the lot of Mrs. Weld, and it came early. One day Mr. Weld settled down to the task of making his will. They had been married but a few months, but Mr. Weld thought it his first duty to see that in the event of his premature death his wife was left well provided for. But will-making is dry work for a girl of eighteen, with all that life holds best still before her, and so she jumped up from her chair and exclaimed, "What a lovely day it is. Let's wait till a rainy day for the will, and go for a ride!" Mr. Weld was all obedience to the desires of his capricious girl-wife, and so off for a ride they went, full of health and happiness, and totally unsuspicious of Fate's awful decrees. During the ride Mr. Weld had an accident—he was thrown from his horse and brought home to die!

Another Matrimonial Tragedy.

When the young widow of the Squire of Lulworth recovered from this appalling blow, it was to learn that she had received but a small portion of her late husband's property, which was tied-up upon his successor, and so Mrs. Weld found herself from almost fabulous wealth suddenly poor. But in her case, Mrs. Weld's face was her fortune, and yet her undoing. It was not long before she was being besieged by another Shropshire squire, and one this time who was of her own age and feeling, and, having tasted the sweets of matrimony, three years after Mr. Weld's death she became a wife once more, and received the name by which posterity best knows her, that of Mrs. Fitzherbert. And this time she took care that her husband's [illegible] was *not* left till it was "a rainy day." It was a good [illegible] that the lady thus took advantage of her past history, within three years she was a widow once more, only this [illegible] with a handsome jointure of £2,000 a year, and a fine house.

The Beauteous Widow's Return to England.

Mrs. Fitzherbert had still to see her twenty-fifth [illegible] but sadness had darkened her horizon, and, feeling that [illegible] had naught but misfortune in store, she went off to the Continent, and, amid the orange-groves of sunny Italy, endeavoured to find escape from her desolateness. All her sorrows left her beauty undimmed. Mrs. Fitzherbert had a long, beautifully [illegible] face, pale-gold hair, a blush-rose complexion, soft blue eyes [illegible] of mould, and her mouth was cherry-red. For [illegible] wandered abroad, always pleasantly received in the Continental houses, for her family were very staunch Catholics, and well known to the aristocracy of Europe. At last a desire for the old country seized her once more, in 1784 she crossed the Channel, and sighted the white cliffs of England.

The Character of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

By this time Mrs. Fitzherbert was no sorrowing widow, and languid, but a "woman of experience," who knew world, but honoured her own chastity more than anything her possession. She was in no sense impoverished; her [illegible] had increased during her absence abroad, and, with the Countess of Sefton as chaperon, she went into Society, where her beauty came upon the town as something startling, and when she first drew the rapt attention of the Prince of Wales we need not enquire. It may have been at [illegible] where Mrs. Fitzherbert soon became a centre of [illegible] she appeared in Lady Sefton's box, or it may have been [illegible] entertainment at Brighton, which was then, as [illegible] of so many pretty romances. But, true it is, [illegible] had the eldest son of George III. cast his lascivious [illegible] the fair widow from Shropshire than he determined [illegible] be his own. Nor was he long in making this plain to Mrs. Fitzherbert. The lady was shocked at the idea at first; [illegible] a lady of high birth she was in no sense in the [illegible] as the other women who chose the "easy way," with [illegible] of the King, and who mostly owed their importance [illegible] connection with the Royal dukes.

Nothing daunted the "First Gentleman in Europe" [illegible] heart was set upon a conquest, however, and the more Mrs. Fitzherbert appeared, the more determined he was [illegible] should succumb. Once, when he was most importunate, she said "There are hundreds of women prettier than I. Give your love to them. I ask for nothing, but to be let alone." Thus was the Heir to the Throne repulsed by the beautiful widow, although thousands of other women [illegible] would have given up everything for the honour of [illegible] Mrs. Fitzherbert. But the obstacles were [illegible] herbert was a staunch Roman Catholic; the Parliament had just passed a Bill making the marriage of a Royal Prince unless it received the King's sanction, and in any case Mrs. Fitzherbert knew that she could never be more than [illegible] and not the Queen of her would-be lover. And the possibility of King George III. sanctioning a marriage between his eldest son and a Roman Catholic, for [illegible]

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of Popery, and an opponent of every effort to give the Roman Catholics equal rights with the Protestants.

The Prince of Wales Stabs Himself in His Despair.

As Mrs. Fitzherbert remained unmoved by all the expostulations of the Prince of Wales, that gentleman resorted to a series of devices for bringing her to a more pliable state of mind. All ... however, but not before Mrs. Fitzherbert had ... positions where her reputation was in peril. It ... wondered at that when one night the Prince's ... open the door of her house, and rushed in with ... news that the Heir-Apparent had mortally ... himself in his despair, and that he desired the presence ... orata during his dying moments, Mrs. Fitzherbert at ... to go to the Prince. She strongly suspected a plot, ... not believe that the Prince could be so absurd as to ... pt his life. But the equerry was so distraught that at ... last the lady consented to go to Carlton House Terrace, provided the Duchess of Devonshire was first prevailed upon to ... her.

... eventually found, and the two ladies set off in a ... residence of the Prince. When they got to ... Terrace they found the story of the Prince's ... his life only too true. The Prince lay upon a ... precious condition, with his shirt undone, and ... plashed with his blood. In a feeble voice the Prince ... pleaded his passion, and said that in his condition ... ry was impossible unless she consented to wed him.

Mrs. Fitzherbert Runs Away from the Prince of Wales.

In spite of ... ... dicament what could the poor lady do! She ... ardent a lover die before her eyes, though she ... proposed marriage was certain to be a source ... round. And it was! Amidst floods of tears, Mrs. ... Prince's ruse—for ruse there can be little doubt that it ... whose feelings had been thoroughly worked upon ... to allow the Prince of Wales to place a ring upon ... and His Royal Highness, having borrowed a ring ... of Devonshire, placed it upon the finger of ... and said that they were man and wife.

... the morning disillusionment came like a thunder-... bs. Fitzherbert discovered that she had been the victim ... ck, even in spite of her suspicions. And when she found ... out, her ... gination knew no bounds. Her first movement ... was ... out of Carlton House Terrace at once, and within a ... she was on her way to the Continent, where she could ... pursued. The Prince soon discovered where she had gone, ... his rage was pitiful to behold. He hurled himself upon the ... carpet, tore his hair, and swore that not even the prospect of ... losing the Throne should keep her from him. The King, how-... soon ... refused to allow the Prince of Wales to leave the King-... ... pursue her, therefore, and so he entered ... of plots with the object of bringing her ... The result was, that ere long Mrs. Fitzherbert was once ... within reach, and the Prince was plying her with protesta-... tions of undying affection.

"Did You Ever Hear of Such a Thing."

... this time, of course, all England was talking of the ... Prince's romance, and the story of his love for Mrs. Fitzherbert. ... were made all over the country on the subject of whether ... she would, or would not, eventually give in to him. And no ... wonder, for the day came when the charming widow could no ... longer withstand ... entreaties of the Heir-Apparent, and in her ... drawing-room ... one day in the year 1785 she and the Prince of ... made man and wife in the sight of God and man. ... time her position as the wife of the Prince of Wales ... ufarised; the Royal Family all visited her, and the old ... cated her ... ith cordiality. For some months things went ... ... smoothness, and then the blow fell. The ... ... vily in debt, was compelled to go to Parlia-... ... and risk a discussion about his marriage. The ... ... and the statesman Fox, with the Prince's ... ... in the House, and, in answer to enquirers, ... ry about the marriage was "a wicked, ... The unspeakable perfidy of the Prince is ... from the fact that the very next day he drove down ... Mrs. Fitzherbert's house, and, taking her in his arms, said ... Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down ... to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife! ... Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

George IV's Barbarous Treatment of His Wife.

Yet so staunchly did Mrs. Fitzherbert stand by her marriage vows that for years she continued to live with her dishonourable Prince ... rating, for his sake, the grossest breaches of his ... nities as a husband, and putting up with his drunken ... ith the resignation of a saint. When she hastened from ... ence to hide from his fury, he would run after her with a drawn sword, and poke it into every cupboard and hiding place till he had found her. When, however, the time came for providing for an heir to the Throne, the Prince was betrothed to a German princess, whose dower was sufficient to save him from bankruptcy. Mrs. Fitzherbert left the Prince, and went abroad again, but the Prince's own family so earnestly entreated her to return that eventually she did so, and the next eight years she spent with the Prince, she used to say, were the happiest of her life.

Then another blow fell. At a dinner given by King Louis XVIII., the Prince saw the Marchioness of Hertford, and at once his old passions blazed forth again. Lady Hertford was a woman of a very different type from Mrs. Fitzherbert. She was an ambitious, designing minx, who cared for none but her own exaltation, and she required little temptation from the future King to be his "light o' love!" This ended the life of Mrs. Fitzherbert as the wife of King George the Fourth. She retired to Brighton, where she died, and when the King died he directed that he was to be buried with "the picture of my beloved wife, Maria Fitzherbert, suspended round my neck with a ribbon, as I used to wear it when I lived, and placed right upon my heart."

Next Week:

THE STRANGE STORY OF LADY FRANCES HOWARD

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

T.W. (Glasgow).—Afraid we can't find room for a Physical Culture column. We are out for brains—not brawn—nowadays.

A.B. (Stockwell) wants to know if a man (!) 18 years old, and a girl of 16 can get married at a registrar's without their parents' consent. Better ask their parents.

CANNY (Ayrshire).—Good heavens, no! Ask *Tit-Bits*.

K.J. (Gloucester).—You have about as much chance of becoming a cinematograph actor as you have of—obtaining a position on our staff.

MAGGOT (Highbury).—Cheese it!

L.V.A. (Carlisle).—We have seen the said performer, and don't wonder he got the "bird."

B.A. (York).—We should have done the same thing in your position. You should follow the principle of the man who was fined 4d. for hitting a policeman, but who paid a shilling so he could have another two "goes."

TYNESIDER asks:—"Are these stories about Harry Lauder being skinny true?" You bet.

AMATEUR (Birmingham).—We are glad you informed us what your drawing represents. Before looking at the back, we had a guessing competition in the office on the point—and nobody was correct.

F.G. (Portsmouth).—Your story may be true, but without proof we cannot take the matter up. There are always people who provide us with "startling facts"—but in nine cases out of ten simply for the purpose of personal spite.

V.B., J.L., and E.R. (Hull).—Best wishes for a pleasant holiday, and we note you will do your best for *Modern Life* while you are away.

TIM (Dublin).—Your idea is having our consideration. We have given instructions for some specimen copies to be sent you.

MISS B. (Bromley).—Not in our line at all. And what proof have we that it is not a suffragette ruse?

LADDIE (Glasgow).—We can go one better. We've seen a cow turned into a field.

J.K. (Leeds).—Should not advise you to come to London to try your luck as a journalist. Stay where you are, and begin by submitting some stories to us.

G.R.O. (Pwllheli) points out that the side-car depicted on our front cover last week was without the lamp the law demands. Yes, but who wants a lamp when there is a pretty girl in the car?

A few puffs

and often the ordinary ready-made cigarette is ready to be thrown away. Only half-value and hot smokes are got out of such cigarettes.

Try making your own with *fresh, cool* tobacco, and roll it in "A.G." Cigarette Paper. You will find they smoke better than any you buy ready-made—*and they will cost less, too.*

But the paper must be right, not the thick paper often used—see that it's

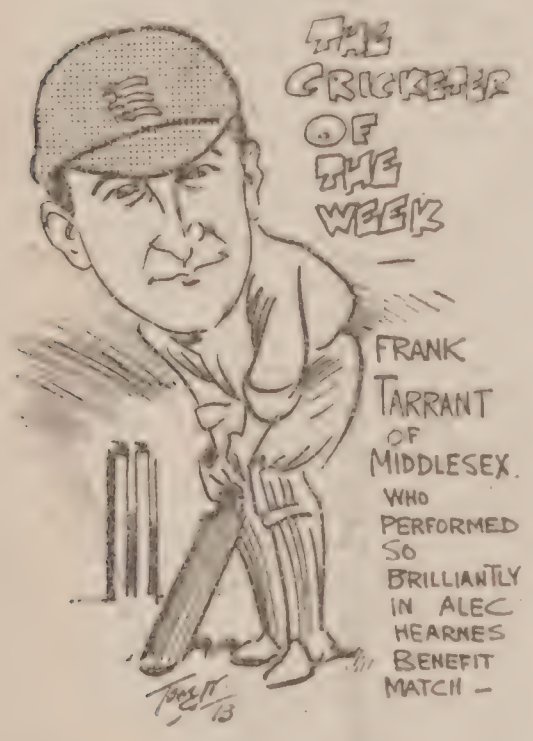
"A.G." Cigarette Paper.

The thinnest of thin cigarette paper—and the purest, too.

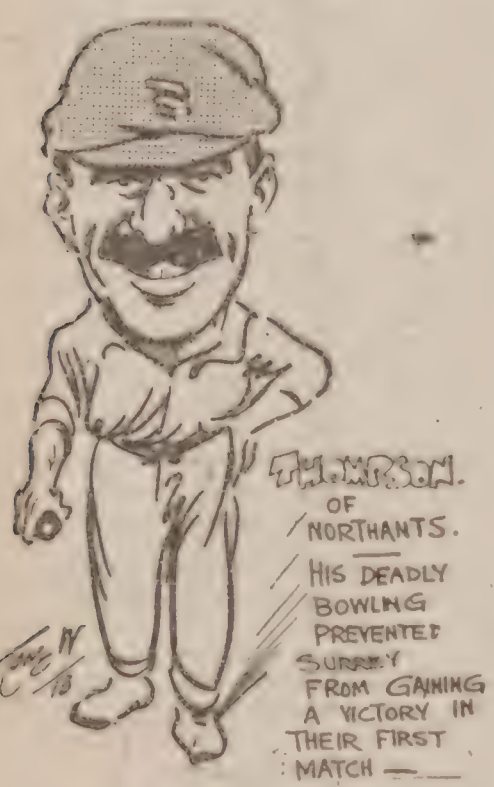
Sold everywhere.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The first week of the 1913 cricket season has to a great extent been an abject failure, for the simple reason that there was so little possible. What there was, was of the thrilling order, and he who would desire sensationalism introduced in the game has had it with a vengeance. At the Oval, on Saturday, there was very nearly another instance of a county match being begun and finished in one day. Without digging into the days long gone by to any great extent, it is worthy of note that the first case of a first-class county match being started and terminated on the same day was when Surrey and Sussex met at the Oval, in 1857. Somerset have been the victims four times in similar instances, and the last two occasions that such a thing has occurred were in 1900 and 1909, when respectively, Yorkshire and Worcestershire, and Middlesex and Gloucestershire were interested. Of course the most remarkable match of its kind took place at Lord's in 1878, when the first Australian team that visited England, under the captaincy of the veteran D. W. Gregory, trounced the M.C.C. by nine wickets. What a team that M.C.C. eleven was! The Club made 33 and 19, and Australia made 41 and 12 for one wicket.



Somehow or other, only runs appeal to the majority of the spectators at a cricket match, and if runs are not forthcoming, then the game is dubbed a poor one. Can one not find interest in the bowling and the fielding and the wicket-keeping of a side? What are runs against weak bowling and poor fielding? Runs which are easy to get do not redound to the credit of the batsman as a smaller effort should, under circumstances against the batsman. As it so happens, in the one and only match finished last week, there was an example of a man not only making a lot of runs against bowling which had the assistance of the wicket, but by his effort being largely instrumental in giving his side, Cambridge, a victory over Middlesex. Still, one must not overlook the fact that McCaughey, who hails from Australia, and Naumann, in addition to the Cambridge captain, Mulholland, answered to the call when the Metropolitans were at the wicket. Lagden, brother of the Oxford Rugger Blue, whose father played on one occasion in South Africa for the M.C.C., when Warner's team was touring the country, scored a century, and he gave evidence that he is a fine forcing batsman. Tarrant and Jack Hearne are not the easiest bowlers to score against at any time, much less at Fenner's, with the weather assisting. One doubts very much if the game would have been terminated but for the persistent Cambridge men in braving the elements.



Surrey would appear to have had a victory in their hands at the Oval, had they not been pressed for time. As it was they had to get 55 runs in 53 minutes, and in attempting to use the long handle, and to run short runs, the Surrey men very nearly came a cropper. One's memory goes back to Surrey's match with the Australians in 1905, when victory appeared assured, but through recklessness in hitting and running the Oval men lost sensationally by 22 runs. Three Surrey men were run out on that occasion.

Inter-University sport, always an antidote to the study of the undergraduates, proceeds apace, and the latest event of fencing, was decided at the Sword Club in London. It is some sixteen years since the fencing competition had an independent place in University competitions, and in that time it has been associated with the Inter-'Varsity boxing competitions. The use of the sword, sabre and foil has been recognised, and Oxford won the competition by 8 points to 7. During the University year, Oxford have won the Chess competition country, Lacrosse, Boat-race, Chess, and Fencing, while Cambridge have been successful in Rugby Football, Association Football, Covered Lawn Tennis, Billiards, Boxing, Gymnastics, Racquets, while Association Football, Sports, Golf have produced ties. Of course, some of the competitions are of more importance than others, but all have their following, and public interest in them varies accordingly.

This is the time of the year for the Eights Week at Oxford, and any one with the slightest leaning towards rowing should not miss an opportunity of witnessing the historical "bumping" races at Oxford. The Thames, or the Isis, as the grand old river at Oxford is known, presents the most vivacious of spectacles when the days are bright and sunny, and the "Eights Week" forms the close of the 'Varsity rowing season. The river is very narrow at Oxford, and consequently there is not room for the eights to participate in the stereotyped race, and therefore "bumping" is introduced. The evenings of the week are set apart for the summer eights, and in the order of the previous year's results the college boats take up their positions in single file, about two-and-a-half lengths apart. As the boats endeavour to overtake each other, the object of the one is to touch the boat in front, and that touch is known as a "bump." Often the cleverness of the cox of the boat in front prevents a bump although the following boat has overlapped his. Between the boat "bumps," the "bumper" and the "bumpee" [illegible] their way to the bank, and on the succeeding evening the two boats reverse their order of starting. The banks during these races are similar in dimensions to those used in the Thames boat-race. Following the result of the week, the college whose boat proves to be "the head of the river" [illegible] let themselves go, and extraordinary scenes are always expected along the towing-path, and at night time in the "Barges" and "meadows." A few years ago, the enthusiasm of Oriel Church, when after a very long time the "House" regained supremacy, led the students to run riot, and the [illegible] heavy fines in the police court, and bills for big amounts for damage done were presented and, needless to say, honoured.

Half-time in the great billiards match between Inman and Reece found the champion no fewer than 1,938 points to the good. At one time during the week Inman was leading by 2,728, but following this Reece scored 3,860 points while Inman compiled only 2,080, and Reece's minority became 948. In the interim, Reece put on a 382, a 301, a 246, a 212, a 708, and a 205. As showing the wonder Inman is, in the session following Reece's immense 708, the champion placed 655 to his credit. Reece has made a higher break than 708, for at Leeds previously he made 740, and during the present season he scored 751 in his match with Newman at Soho Square, Glasgow, however, Reece reached his record, which stood at 780 odd. Reece was only a matter of three-quarters of an hour in making his 708 against Inman, but then he does

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 70.

...ly the amount of walking exercise which Inman and ...yers introduce. It may be recalled, in connection ... fine reply to Reece, that the champion imme... on a break of over 500, when Reece had scored ...umber in the championship match.

...f Stevenson's challenge is accepted by Inman for the coming ...on, what a match we shall see. Inman has generally ex...essed confidence in his ability to beat Stevenson, but ...John Roberts (and there has been only one billiards player ...ch as he) looks upon Harry Stevenson as the player of the ...ay. The veteran also considers Fred Lindrum the finest ...layer in Australia, but that George Gray has no superior ... the red ball game. We shall only have a three months' ... of May in England, for Inman is engaged right up ...

... years the fifty miles running time ... Curiously enough, the same Finchley ... the race on April 11th, 1885, when ... Dixon went round the track at Oldridge Road, ... in 6hrs. 18 min. 26sec., were responsible for ... Stamford Bridge on Whit Monday. All that ... time had never been beaten. Just ... months before Dixon put up this record, he had ... 20min. 47sec. at Birmingham, and even that ...ecord, beating the 1879 time of F. W. Firminger ... Bridge on Boxing Day, when the London Athletic ...ganised the fixture. But Dixon's time was not credited. ... was given the chance at Balham. Ever since Dixon's ... upon the anniversary of his success the old record ...orated it with some sort of a run, and on ... ten starters at Stamford Bridge.

The fact is well worth recording that several well-known long distance runners did not enter, and that H. Green, of the Herne Hill Harriers, who has taken honours in more than one Marathon, did not start with the idea of running the fifty miles, but was bent upon, if possible, beating the existing Marathon distance record, viz., 26 miles 385 yards done in 2hrs. 47mins. 10secs., by A. Simms on June 25th, 1910. Incidentally, Green succeeded in his effort, his time being returned at 2hrs. 38mins. 16 1-5secs. After Green had left the course, E. W. Lloyd, another Herne Hill Harrier, maintained a lead throughout, and beat Dixon's time by 4mins. 28½secs.

Lloyd obtained the long distance craze just after ... created such a stir in the 1908 Olympic Marathon, ... that he could run ten miles within an hour clad in ... attire, he ran in club matches in cross-country ... and went to Stockholm and competed in the last ... He is twenty-seven years of age, and a very ...

... will very soon be known by some other name, ... game is growing so much in popularity, and ...ayers are so impatient, that waiting for a lawn to ... ...ies them, and makes their thoughts fly to ... ...urt which is not a lawn. There is no ... the fact that lawn tennis on lawns, ... under cover—on wood, cement, asphalt, ... of quite a different colour. Hard courts ...re, whether lawns can be prepared or not. ... there is no such thing, of course, as a lawn ... at any rate for the first-class game, just the ... such thing as a turf wicket for cricket. ... tennis is played the whole year through ... are to be found, and generally speaking the ... game are quite independent of the sun. The ... nowadays. We in England could afford to ... of his solar majesty long ago, but we have ... doing instead of waiting. But for the fact that ... hard courts, the Tournament could not ... last week. It is notable that Miss ... ...ughter of the wonderful Australian bowler of ... in the final of the Ladies' Open Singles, which ... went to Mrs. Colyton, but only after three ... played. Miss Spofforth won the first set, and ... to 3—6 in the third.

... ...interfere with the game of golf so very much. ... ...ladies leave the elements with as much hardihood ... it is the wind that worries golfers. Golf is growing in popularity with ladies all over the world in leaps and bounds, and the fair ones are never happier than after their lessons with the professionals attached to the various courses. Golf is essentially an out-door game for ladies, and thank goodness golf cannot be played under cover. Still, the game in fine weather is ideal, and just now, when the summer is approaching, the qualifying competitions for some of the great golf contests have opened.

During the Whitsun holidays all the sixteen first-class cricket counties were engaged in the County Championship. Naturally, after such rain, the bowlers had the upper hand in the arguments, and cricket was presented in its varying phases. There was wonderful bowling; there was a good deal of good sound batting; there was much that was bright and spirited; and there was brilliant fielding. Can we want more than this? The batting "mights," represented by the last four or five on the list of an ordinary county eleven, have in some cases succeeded where the batting backbone has failed. Thus we see Buckenham, Tremlin and Walter Mead shaking up the Derbyshire attack; Wells introducing fireworks at the expense of Leicester when the very nearly champions of last year were in a terribly bad way; and Tom Forrester piling on the agony, after Derbyshire had got well in front of Essex.

The greatest disappointment was at Lord's. For one thing the match was set down for Alec Hearne's benefit, and Middlesex intended to try a Saturday start, but Jupiter Pluvius vetoed the matter. Alec Hearne did not have the benefit he deserved, and Hampshire shook the faith of many who had looked upon them as promising to be the most interesting side of the year. For keenness Hampshire would be hard to beat. As a fielding side, thanks largely to the example set by Llewellyn when he was in the team, Hampshire have equalled any other county, and there is a side of batsmen, too. For right down feebleness, however, Hampshire's display against the fine left-hand bowling of the Anglo-Australian, Tarrant, was cent. per cent.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR COMPETITION.

We offer a weekly prize of 5s. for the best example of unconscious humour culled from the contemporary Press. Underline the words which strike you as being funny (either by reason of evident ignorance of the subject, omission or transposition of words, the vagaries of a compositor or other blunder) upon the actual cutting—to which must be attached sufficient of the journal concerned to permit of identification—and post it to us, with your name and address, in an envelope marked "Unconscious Humour," to arrive not later than first post Wednesday. Short, topical specimens will stand the best chance.

Last week's prize is awarded to

MR. FRANK J. CAMPBELL,

175, Byres Road, GLASGOW, W.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

We rather pride ourselves upon the carefulness of our proof-reading and on the immunity of our columns from typographical blemishes. Nobody, however, is infallible, and accidents will happen even in the best regulated of journals. As a punishment for our sins we shall give 5s. each week to the reader who first points out a "literal" typographical error in our literary columns, i.e., barring advertisements and competitions. All you have to do is to write down the number of the page, column and line in which the "literal" occurs (e.g., p. 31, col. 2; line 63), and sign your name and address and mark your postcard "Literal." To give distant readers a fair chance all postcards will be put aside until Wednesday noon, and the first one handled by the Editor will receive the 5s. Commas, full stops, etc., are debarred, as punctuation is largely a matter of individual taste. Current issue only, of course. If the paper contains no "literals" 10s. will be sent to the first reader (as above) acquainting us with that fact.

The majority of entrants for last week's competition declared that there were no "literals" The 5s., however, goes to

MR. ARTHUR GILL,

17, Water Street, RAMSEY, ISLE OF MAN,

who detected the misprint "Terpischorean" for "Terpsichorean" in the Stageland article.

Billy (to Suffragette Leader): Say, lady, if yez want any winders busted, me an' de gang'll take de contrack cheap.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Despite the skies having been cleared from the troublous Balkan cloud markets have been lifeless after the holidays.

* * *

It seems extraordinary that the public do not come into the markets, as Stocks and Shares everywhere are cheap, and so long as the public select the good things in each market they cannot help making money.

* * *

Home Rails are bound to go better, and last week the appearance of some more imposing traffic figures attracted buyers.

* * *

I specially drew my readers' attention to Brighton Deferred Stock when it stood at 87½. It is now 93, and I shall not be at all surprised to see this stock touch par in the next month or two.

* * *

Another attractive stock is Great Central Preferred, the price of which touched 40 one time last week.

* * *

South Eastern Deferred will go much better, and also Districts among the Undergrounds.

* * *

Americans are still the surprise market. Everyone has been looking for this market to lead the way to a revival of public interest in the Stock Exchange.

* * *

The uncertainty, however, about the Union Pacific Merger Scheme, and the delay of the Supreme Court in giving its decision on the Minnesota Rate case has checked any headway.

* *

However, the position is very sound, and at the moment I advise this market before any other for the speculator who has got the money to take up stock. Those who do are certain of a 5 to 10 point rise in any of the well-known American Railroads, such as Union Pacifics and Southern Pacifics among the heavier priced stock, and Eries and Rocks for the little punter.

* * *

I learn that the first issue of Simmer Deep Debentures has now been reduced to £630,800. The low quotations ruling have enabled the Company to purchase its Debentures advantageously in the open market, a saving of £20,000 in redemption price and interest having thus been affected.

* * *

The ore reserve of the Simmer Deep is something like 1,431,000 tons, and as there is an improvement in the native labour supply it gives hope of better things. More stamps are being worked, so that the monthly profit should continue to improve.

* * *

Simmer Deep Shareholders must not overlook the importance of debentures being redeemed by the Company, especially at a much lower figure than the redemption price.

* * *

The £1 Ordinary shares are now quoted at 4s. 3d., and are still good for a higher price.

* * *

I hear the price of Oil is likely to advance, and as more interest is being taken just now in the Oil market, such shares as Shells, Spies and Premier Oil and Pipe Line are likely to advance quickly.

* * *

Highly satisfactory news is to hand from the Premier Oil and Pipe Line property. The output for April shows an increase of 20,600 tons against 20,050 tons for March. This brings the total output for the eleven months up to 237,770 tons.

* * *

On this basis there should remain, after deducting royalties and allowing for working expenses, cost of boring, and a very liberal sum for depreciation, a divisible profit of £350,000 on oil alone.

* * *

Added to this there is on a very conservative estimate a further profit of at least £80,000 from the refineries, pipelines, and storage companies, etc. After paying the preference dividend and 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares there will remain a surplus of something like £120,000 for reserve and increased dividends.

Those purchasing the shares now would [illegible] the six months' accrued profit to April 30th, [illegible] basis of 10 per cent. which has been distributed for three years is equal to 1s. per share, hence at the price of 17s. 3d. they appear an attractive purchase, with the oil market coming into favour these shares quite likely to rise to 25s. or 30s.

* * *

There has been a little spurt of activity in the [illegible] Market, but the market lacks sufficient support to [illegible] tain prices.

* * *

I candidly do not think that this market is [illegible] speculator troubling about.

* * *

An excellent report has been issued by the [illegible] Estates. The crop amounts to 69,300lbs. against [illegible] mate of 52,000lbs. and a crop of 29,000lbs. in the [illegible] year. The cost of production has been reduced [illegible] from 1s. 10d., with a prospect of further reduction [illegible] dividend is raised from 3 to 12½ per cent., while £1,[illegible] written off preliminary expenses.

* * *

The 2s. shares are now quoted at 3s. and are all [illegible] for the small investor to lock away.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Fritz (Liverpool).—I have sent you the name of a [illegible] Stock Exchange to whom you can send your order for [illegible] The best you can buy among oils is Premier Oil and Pipe [illegible] Petroleum.

Richardson.—The shares you mention in your letter are all right. I should read my notes about Premier Oil and Pipe Line. I cannot advise you to buy the rubber shares you mention. Write direct to the secretary of the Company for Bowerman's Press 1s. shares.

Speculator (Scotland).—You can buy Eries at about [illegible] do not recommend Chesepeake, but two attractive [illegible] Premier Oil at about 17s. 6d. and Simmer Deep £1 shares.

A. H. Hertford.—Do not have anything more to do with [illegible] Hull. Demand the money to your credit, as you are not [illegible] the second deal, as you have not given them any instructions. [illegible] an old trick of theirs to lead you on, so as to get [illegible] you. If they do not pay you, you had better complain to the police.

J. R. Willesden.—Hold your Districts, but take your profits in others. National Steam Cars are cheap at 29s. to 30s.

W. A.—Pataling Rubber Estates show you a yield of [illegible] cent., and are about the best to buy in the Rubber Market. The Companies you mention are very risky.

F. R. (York).—If you will send me a list of your shares I will then advise you.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE. WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

Shorthand 80 words a minute SLOAN

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RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

The latest news in connection with the Derby at the time of writing is to the effect that Great Sport, who through his victory over Sanquhar has been put up as a possible winner of the Great Epsom race, has met with so much support that the most that can now be laid against him is twenty to one. Just why this should be so is somewhat difficult to imagine, and it would be interesting to know whose money it is that has caused him to be rushed to such a ridiculous price.

That the immediate connections of the horse are responsible for his present position in the market I will not for one moment believe, neither can I persuade myself that the more level-headed judges of racing have jumped in and backed him on the strength of what he accomplished in his one race this season. It looks to me very much like another of those market moves that are engineered nowadays for the sole purpose of deceiving the public.

How he can be made out to have anything more than a very remote outside chance I fail to understand, since after all he did nothing more than beat a second-rate animal who was giving him twelve pounds.

If you have any fancy for him don't let me put you off, but at least let me persuade you not to accept the present rate of odds offered against a horse that should be quoted at nearly double those odds.

The running of Aldegond at Hurst Park does not diminish his chance of going very close indeed in the Derby; this despite the fact that he was beaten, which he would not have been had he not lost several lengths. He at least confirmed the previous placings with Roseworthy, and in my opinion would always do so. I have previously stated that he will prove the best of the Epsom lot, and from what I can gather from that quarter I know of no reason why I should alter that view, and I don't know that I am likely to do so on the day of the race.

Louvois is being kept nicely on the move, and is giving entire satisfaction in his preparation, a remark that applies equally to his runner-up in the Two Thousand, and I still think that the former will prove the best horse in the field on June 4th, and credit Mr. Raphael with his second successive victory.

Compared with what is to come later in the week, the racing at Leicester to-day (Monday) will be somewhat tame. The principal event from a monetary point of view is the Bell Selling Handicap, value 250 sovs., which may go to Paulhan, or, in his absence, to Florin, who, I am told, is certain to win a race soon.

Irish Demon keeps winning with such consistency that even the heavy weight she has to carry in the Desborough Handicap may not break the sequence, though she will on this occasion have a bit of a job to shake off the attentions of Watteau, another that I am told to keep an eye on. Sandwell is Predominant shaping at present that a 7lbs. penalty he earned last week may not prove an effective stopper to his chance in the Gallow Tree Handicap, and I look for him to win.

A greater difficulty than finding winners at Newmarket is forming some sort of idea of what is likely to run, especially when one has to write a few days ahead. This may not, however, apply to the Newmarket Handicap, as all the acceptances, about half the original number of entries, will possibly go to the post. For the winner I shall take Pintadeau, as being likely to score a Royal victory.

If Stedfast is fit and well, he should experience little difficulty in winning the Burwell Plate, and should he be absent I should take Pintadeau, who crops up again here against the field.

Providing a good boy is put up on Maycup, she should win the Visitors' Plate, but this is not a race to bet on, as there is no telling what some of the animals are likely to do with little apprentices on their backs.

My selections for the remainder of the week are as follows:

NEWMARKET—Wednesday.
Flying Handicap: Great Surprise.
Newmarket Stakes: Louvois.

NEWMARKET—Thursday.
Abington Plate: Hornet's Beauty.
Three-Year-Old Handicap: Knight's Key.
A Selling Plate: Brancepeth.

GATWICK—Friday.
Alexandra Three-Year-Old Handicap: Fly-by-Night.
Champney Plate: Assagai.
Ashdown Selling Handicap: Kingdom.

GATWICK—Saturday
Princes Handicap: Shining Way.
Reigate Welter Handicap: Angel Man.
Marlborough Stakes: High Rock.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE KNOWS EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESSAGE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE BENEFIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSAGES.

Two competitors divided the honours in the *Modern Life* Racing Competition No. 1, each giving six winners. The Consolation Prize of £1 per week during the remainder of the flat-racing season is therefore divided, the winners being:

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This big sum of money will be paid to the person who correctly forecasts the winners, by filling in, in the coupon printed on the back page, the name of the horse against each race given in the coupon. Like the man who goes racing, you must carefully study the form of horses.

This is what the successful race goer does and this is what you must do if you wish to pocket our £500.

If no one correctly forecasts the winners of all the races, then during the remainder of the Flat Racing Season

£1 a week will be paid to the person whose coupon is nearest correct.

I think I can safely say Epsom is the most popular race meeting of the year, and I have, therefore, chosen the Epsom races for the Competition, so as to give my readers a better chance.

Some of the Entries for the races given in the coupon are published on the back page. You should carefully study the form of the horses taking part in these important fixtures, and fill in against each race the name of the horse you consider, in your judgment, will win the race. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE,

And they must reach our offices not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Let every reader test his or her racing skill and win this huge money prize.

THE CONDITIONS AND COUPON APPEAR ON THE BACK PAGE

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. SEE PAGE 63.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A correspondent asks my "valuable opinion"—(Thank you, Sir!)—on the subject of "ready-to-wear" clothing?

* * *

Twenty, even ten, years ago all ready-made clothing (to use the old term) was contemptuously designated "slops," and no well-dressed man would have dreamt of being seen in a ready-made garment, with the exception perhaps of an ulster, an Inverness cape or a mackintosh.

* * *

But a change has come over the spirit of the sartorial dream. There is a subtle yet most important distinction between "ready-made" and "ready-to-wear."

* * *

The former garment was ready, but whether it fitted you even approximately was a tremendous lottery. The "ready-to-wear" specialist, on the other hand, guarantees a fit, and in many cases his bond is good.

* * *

In the old days ready-made clothes were made in two or three sizes. If you happened to be one of them, well and good, but if not, the results were painful. Nowadays, "ready-to-wear" garments are made in many different sizes, and if you are of average proportions according to your height, you may rely on getting a reasonably, and even a very, good fit.

* * *

Of course, a good deal depends on the style of garment. A ready-to-wear frock or morning coat must always be a dangerous experiment. Such a coat must fit perfectly, and the fraction of an inch too long there, or too short here, will ruin its appearance.

* * * *

Ready-to-wear clothes that may be safely invested in, again assuming that you have no marked physical peculiarities, as, for instance, excessively long arms, include rain and slip-on overcoats, Norfolk jackets, flannel jackets, and flannel trousers.

* * *

For those who, stuck away in some outlandish spot, cannot deal personally with a good tailor, there is the alternative of having their clothes made from their self-measurements.

* * *

No doubt this answers excellently in many cases, but there is the objection that it isn't every amateur who can properly measure himself or another person for a suit of clothes.

* * *

On the whole, ready-to-wear clothing is now carried to such a pitch of perfection that it may safely be indulged except for garments that call for the closest fitting, or by men whose physique markedly departs from the normal.

* * *

A new suit is apt to make one self-conscious. One thinks that everybody is noticing it, and kind friends are given to chaffing one about it.

* * *

Personally, when I get a new suit I always wear it in the house for a day or two before going out in it. This way it does not take long to make one unconscious or indifferent to the fact that one has new togs on.

* * *

"Percy" (West Hampstead) asks my advice on the subject of clothes for sea-fishing, of which he hopes to get a lot this summer (lucky dog!).

* * *

Sea-angling attire should be warm, loose, and comfortable, with wool or flannel predominating. For the body a jersey or sweater worn over a flannel shirt, with an old coat on top if the weather is cold.

* * *

Stout flannel trousers for the legs, and rubber boots, woolless socks or stockings for the feet. The trousers should not be stuffed into the boots, but worn over them. If you put them in the boots and get a soaking, then the wet will trickle down into the boots.

* *

Fishing from a boat you are bound to get your thighs wet with drippings from line and fish, and also spray coming overboard, unless you wear a mackintosh or have a waterproof apron to put over your knees. The best plan, however, is to go the whole hog and get a suit of oilskins, i.e., jacket and loose trousers. These you should be able to pick up at a seaport for about a sovereign.

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OUR RACING CONTEST.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE HORSES ENTERED IN EVENTS SELECTED.

In this issue we give a list of some of the entries for the races which we have chosen for our great skill competition. The full list will appear next week, but we do not propose to give the entries for either the Derby or Oaks, as no useful purpose would be served thereby. The probable starters for these two events will be known in plenty of time for competitors to make their selections.

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd.

The Egmont Plate.—Five furlongs.—Flowerjug, Poor Boy, Polymela, Eastern Rose, Favilla, Rath Hurley, Double Six, Panasine, Fly by Night, Miramichi, Levanger, Absurd, Golden Sun, Privilege, Irrigation, Biter Bit, Miss Douglas, Mountain Finch, Neville Holt, Catiline, Lespedeza, Master Hopson, Sea Fairy, Duke of Padua, Iron Duke, Garryhoe, Forward III., Bonnie Bird, Thelma's Amulet, Sunningdale, Scintillator, Simile, Throsga, Orama, Minehead, Mix Up, Questa II.

The Epsom Plate.—Seven furlongs.—Talana Hill, Harmonicon, Fly by Night, Cabaret, Spanish Prince, White Star, Diadumenos, Cuthbert, Alga, Chancellor II., Court Cards, Bachelor's Tax, Royal Sym, Cheleken, Dundrum, Grania, Ambush, Outram, Mercutio, Daly's, Lesto, Choice, High Rock.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

Stewards' Handicap (mile and 44 yards).—St. Meriadoc, Killadoon, Augur, Albion, St. Begoe, Political, Lovewood, Bilberry, Duke of Tipperary, Irrigation, Oselle, Durbar, At Last, Spean Bridge, Drawbridge, Amador, Bolo, Ocydrome, Felizardo, Pandean, Cabaret, Harmonicon, Fly by Night, Sun Yat, Fire Finch, Poyston, Get Up, Apennine, Poulette, Chain Armour, Thistleton, Maycup, Charlton, Burning Daylight, Happy Fanny, Percival Keene, Early Girl, Dundrum, Inconstant George, Coronetta, Workgirl, Choice, Whroo, High Rock, Sirabia, Mille Fleur's, Sea View, Otter, St. Julian, Lock Earn, Erl King, Dissension, Mix Up, Stung Again, Chancery, Seremond, Campanile.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

The Coronation Cup (the Derby Course, about one mile and a half).—Tracery, M. Caillault's sealed nom., Tuxedo, Etheric, Stedfast, Sweeper II., Shannon, Aleppo, Cigar, Lomond, Long Set, Maiden Erlegh, Lance Chest, Santa Bellis, Bachelor's Hope, Oiseau Bleu, Prince Palatine, Lorenzo, Cyclene More, Gorgorito, La Boheme II, Warlingham, Adam Bede, Sir Martin

The Royal Stakes (six furlongs, on the New Course).—Spanish Prince, White Star, Castleton, Ask Papa, Wynbury, Cigar, Blackcap, Quantock, Great Surprise, Harmonicon, Meeting House, Borrow, Mediator, Martynia, Zebre, G.P., Sir Martin, Ma'ooña, Hornet's Beauty, Mountain Fairy, Grammont, The Dodger, Poor Boy, Mix Up, Ardigon, Erl King, Bonnie Bird, Wise Symon, Halaton, Canonite, Wrack, Garryhoe, Orama, Bullfinch.

The Durdans Plate (a mile and a quarter and 66 yards).—Pintadeau, Bonbon Rose, Diadumenos, Jaegar, Oiseau Bleu, Lance Chest, Cap and Gown, Agapanthus, Miltsin, Mustapha, Mordred, Lorenzo, Jack Saw, Molly's Birthday, Blue Stone, Beaurepaire, Lomond, Thistleton, Eton Boy, Outram, Fantasio, Halberd, Daly's, Drinmore, Avernus, Wilfred, Choice, Girl of the West, Goliath, Hampton Court II, Bachelor's Hope, Chili II.

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CONDITIONS TO BE COMPLIED WITH IN OUR RACING COMPETITION

On this page is given an entry form containing the name of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, and for the first prize of £500 you have to fill in against each race the name of one of the horses entered for the race. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing all the correct results of the races given in the coupon we will award the sum of £500. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results during the remainder of the Flat Racing season. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. Fill in against each race the name of the horse you forecast to win.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, "Racing Competition," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £500 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct results of all the races run, but if the whole of the twelve races are not run or if any one of the races is a walk over the £500 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct results, £1 a week during the remainder of the Flat Racing season will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

"MODERN LIFE" RACING CONTEST.

Races to be run on June 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Fill in against each race the name of the horse to win.

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd.

Craven Stakes (1m. 44yds.) .....

Epsom Plate (7f.) .....

Egmont Plate (5f.) .....

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4th.

Derby Stakes (1m. 4f. 29yds.) .....

Steward's Handicap (1m. 44yds.) .....

Epsom Town Plate (6f.) .....

THURSDAY, JUNE 5th.

Royal Stakes (6f.) .....

Coronation Cup (1m. 4f.) .....

Durdan's Handicap (1m. 2f. 66yds.) .....

FRIDAY, JUNE 6th.

Belmont Handicap (6f.) .....

Oaks Stakes (1m. 4f.) .....

Chipstead Handicap (1m. 44yds.) .....

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

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